

NATIONAL

OCTOBER
NO. 68

COMICS

10¢

THE
BARKER

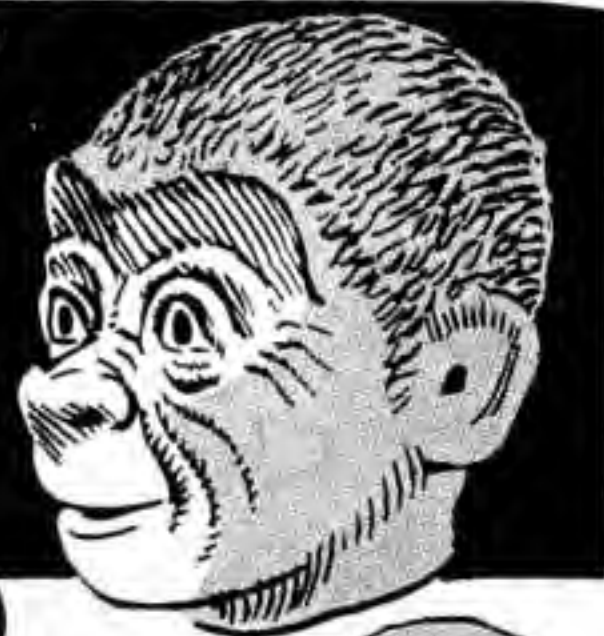
THE
LEO
THE LION
ALONG

STILL NO DANGER



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS



The Monkey
\$2.95



Satan
\$2.95



Old Man
\$2.95



Old Lady
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OTHER SUBJECTS

Beggar, \$2.95

Special
SANTA CLAUS, \$4.95



Clown
\$2.95



IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept 53-M Chicago 31, Illinois
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

- () Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
() Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME.....
STREET..... P.O. ZONE.....
CITY..... STATE.....

IT PULLS ON
OVER THE
HEAD LIKE
A DIVER'S
HELMET



NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE

COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

BOY! WOULD
I HAVE FUN
WITH THAT
CLOWN FACE

YOU'RE
FUNNIER
WITH YOUR
OWN

THE MYSTERI-
OUS CLOWN
SURE HAS THE
GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE
AND WHERE
DID HE GET
THAT MASK?



SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at \$2.95, except Santa Claus (\$4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.

6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 53-M, Chicago 31, Illinois

THE BARKER

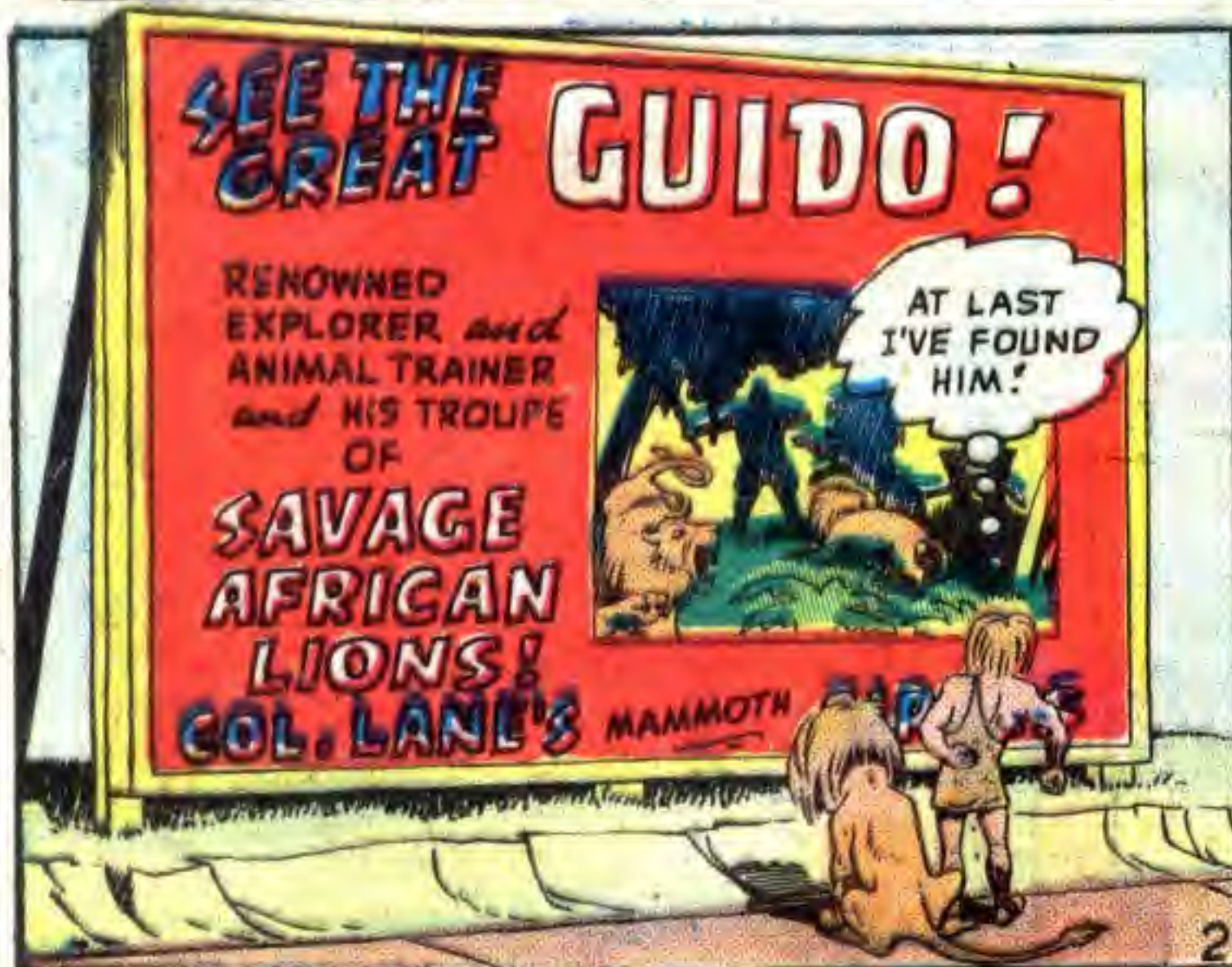
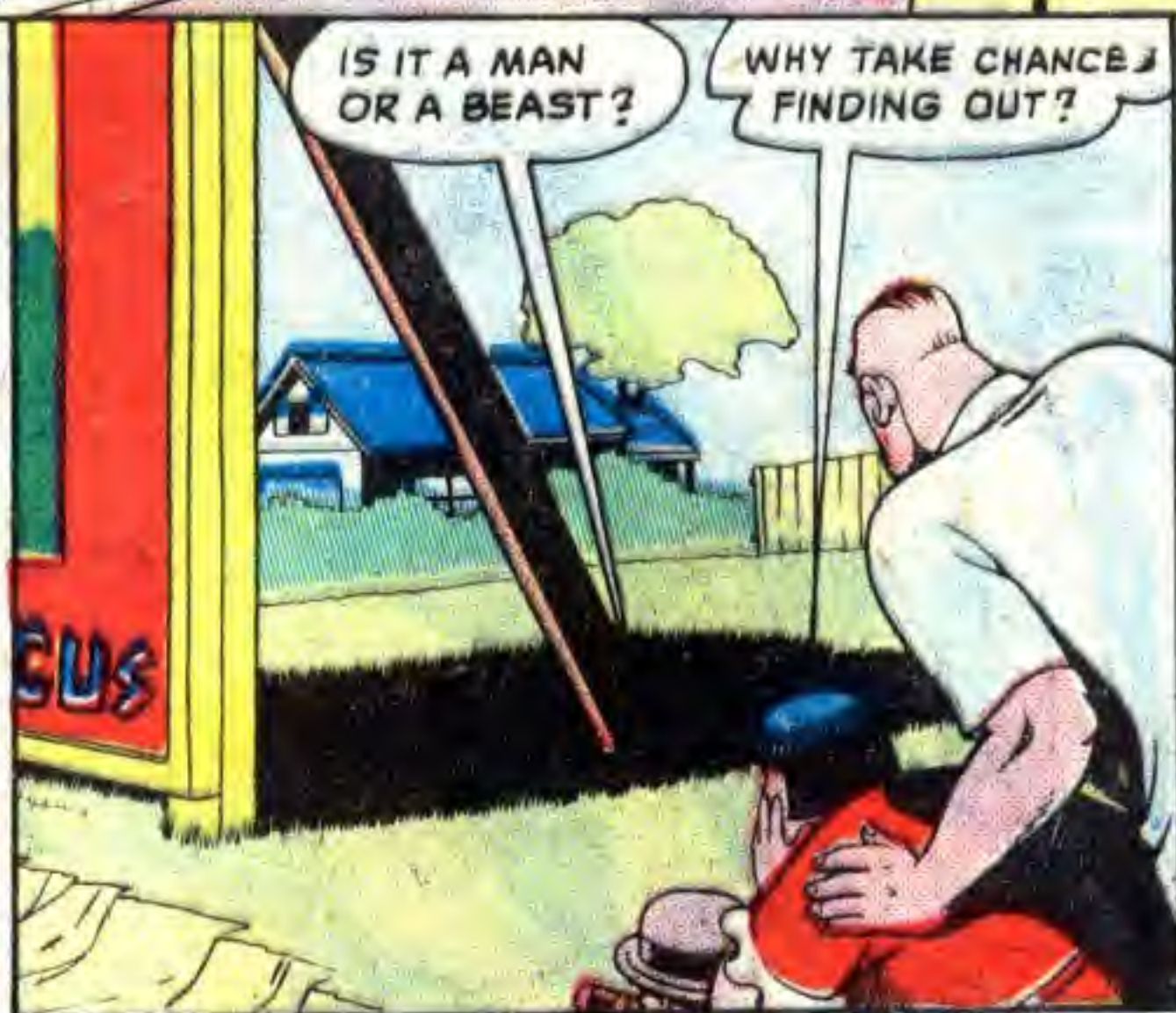
RIGHT THIS WAY, FOLKS!
SEE THE MARVEL OF THE AGE,
LEO, THE LION MAN!
HE EATS ONLY **RAW MEAT**,
AND LIVES IN A CAGE WITH
A REAL, LIVE LION ...

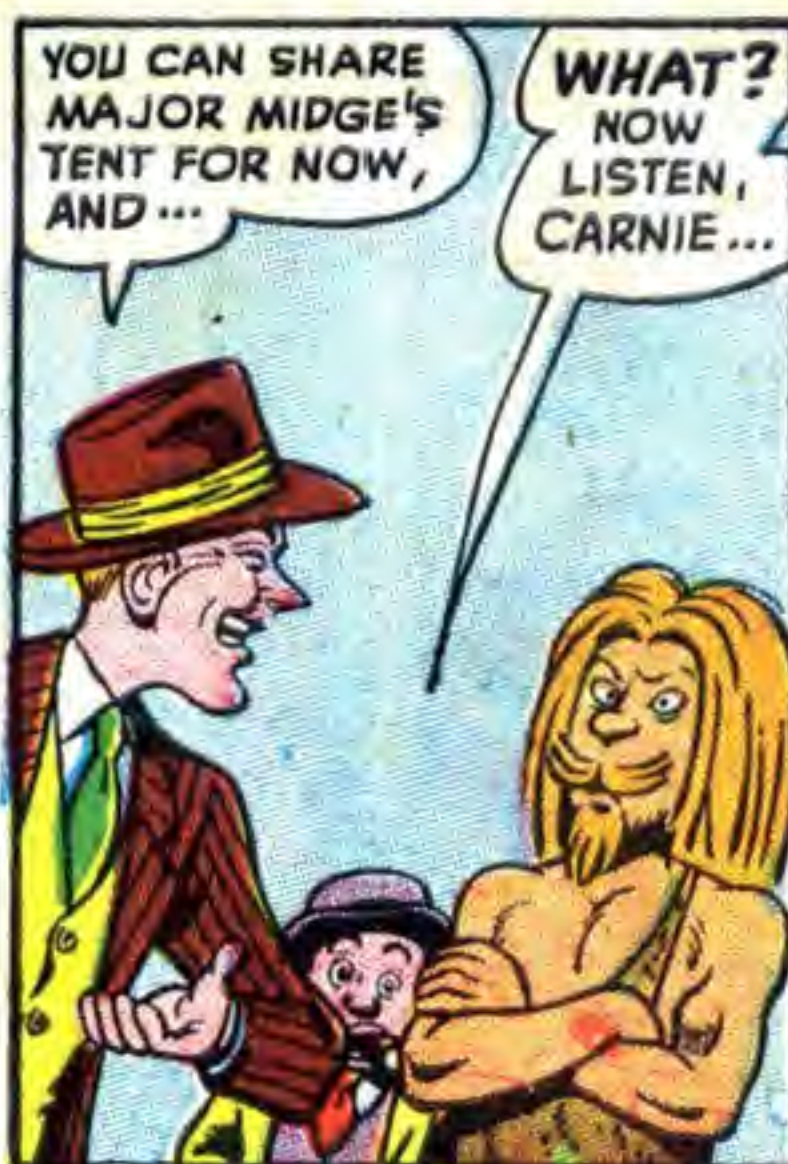
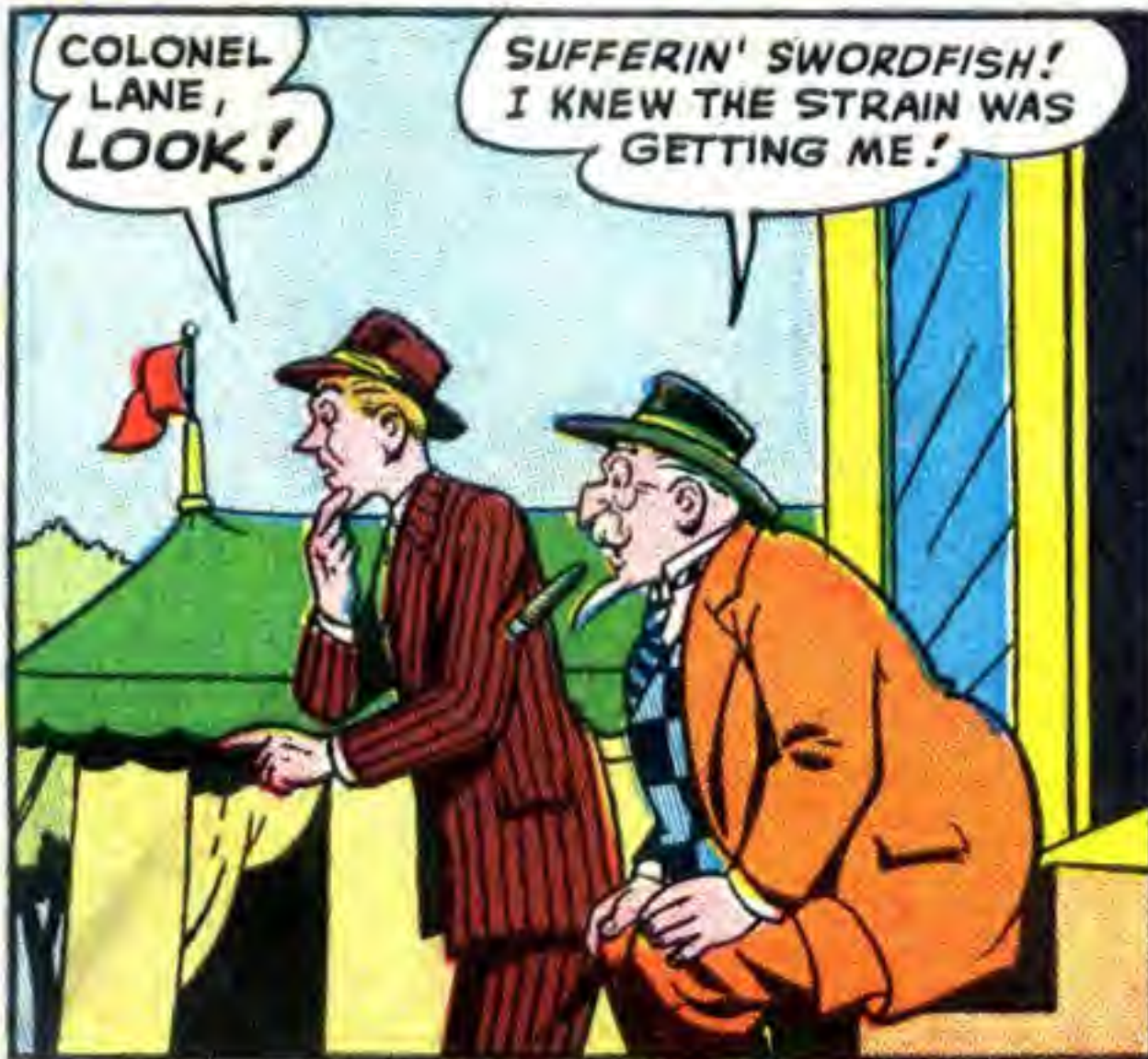
YIIIEEE!
THIS IS NO
PLACE FOR
ME!

GRRRR!

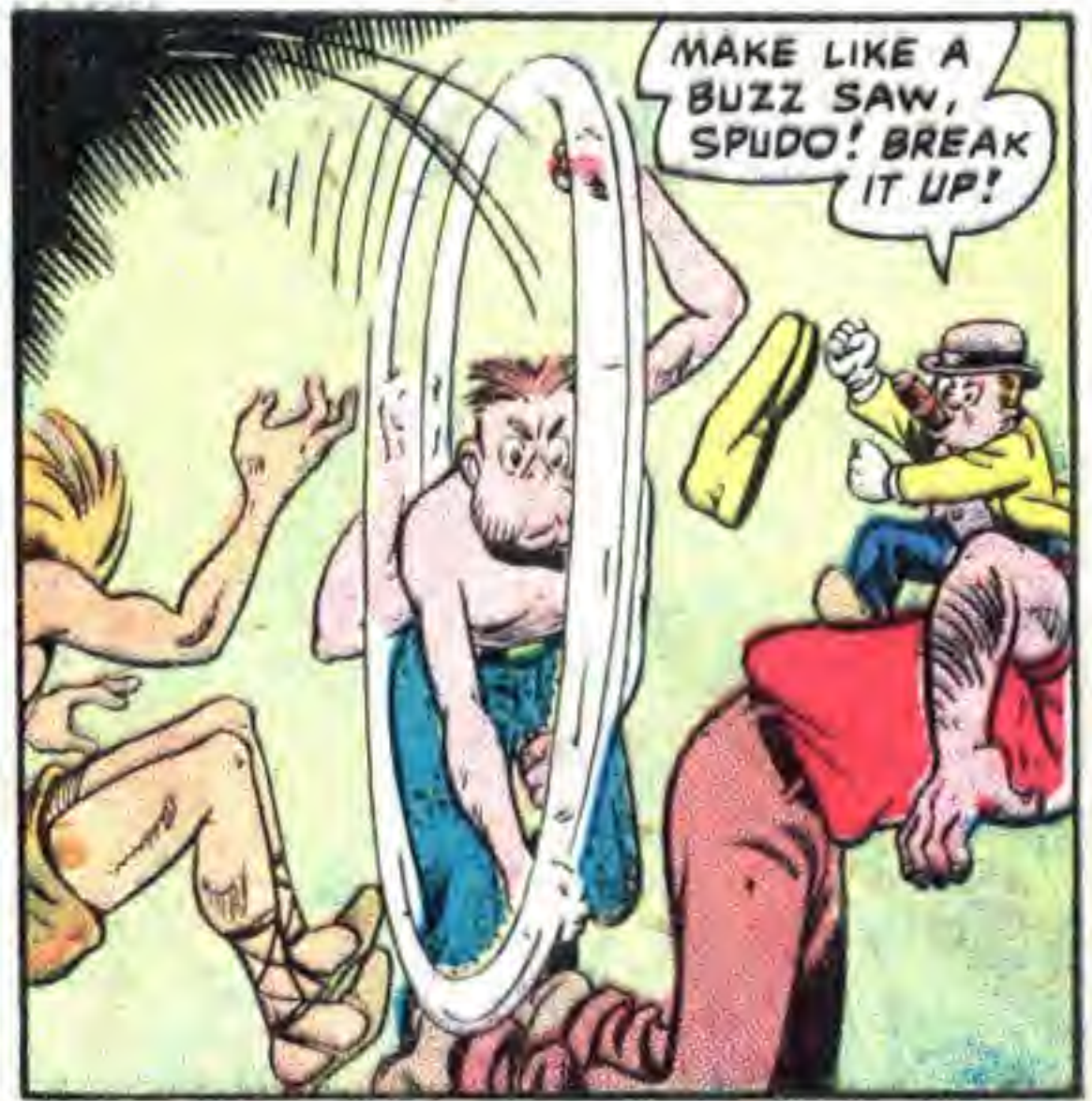
Carnie Calahan, the genial
barker, finds himself surrounded
by mirth, mayhem and murder
when **LEO, THE LION MAN**,
joins Colonel Lane's Mammoth
Circus!

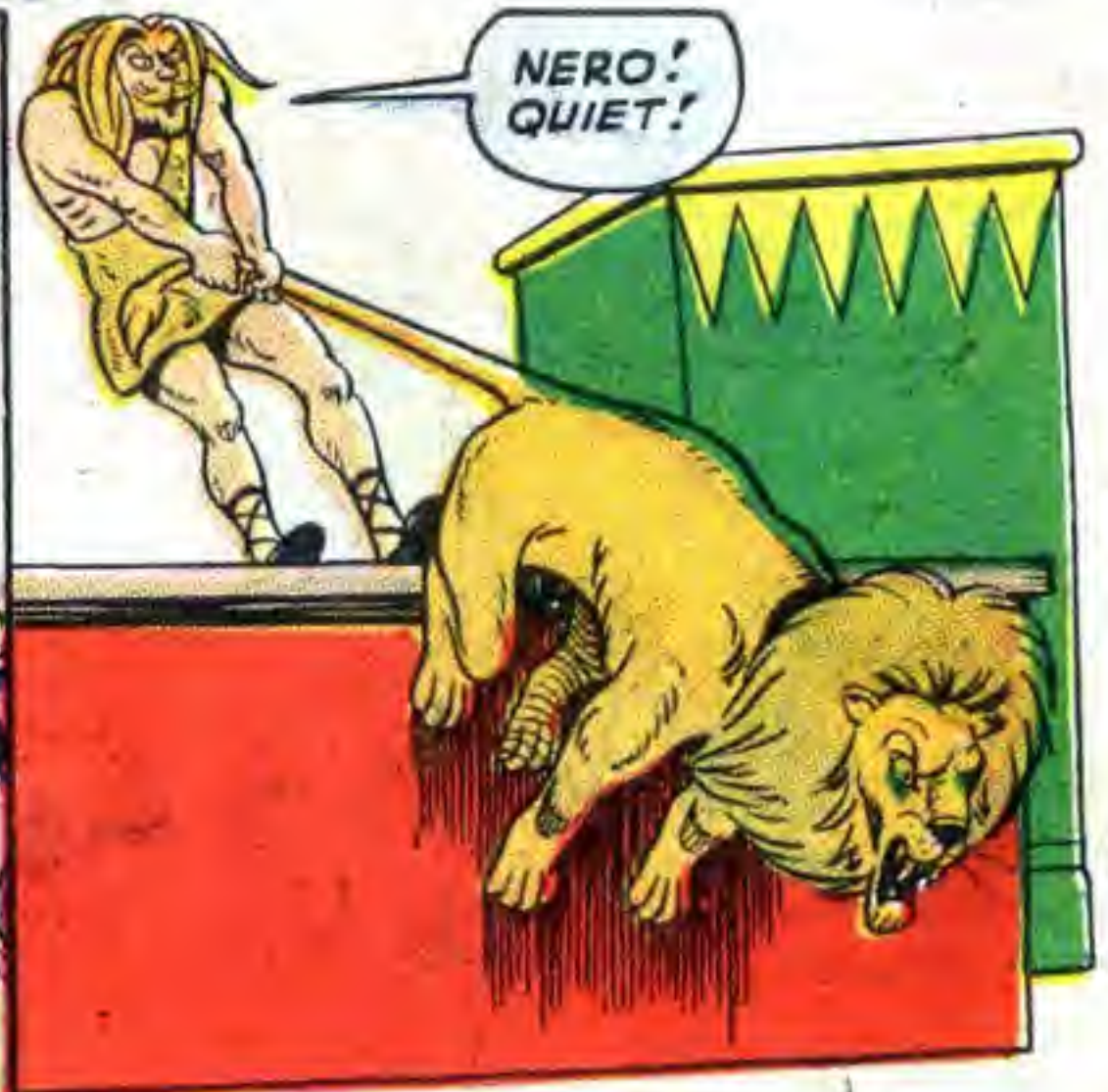
By Klaus Nordling

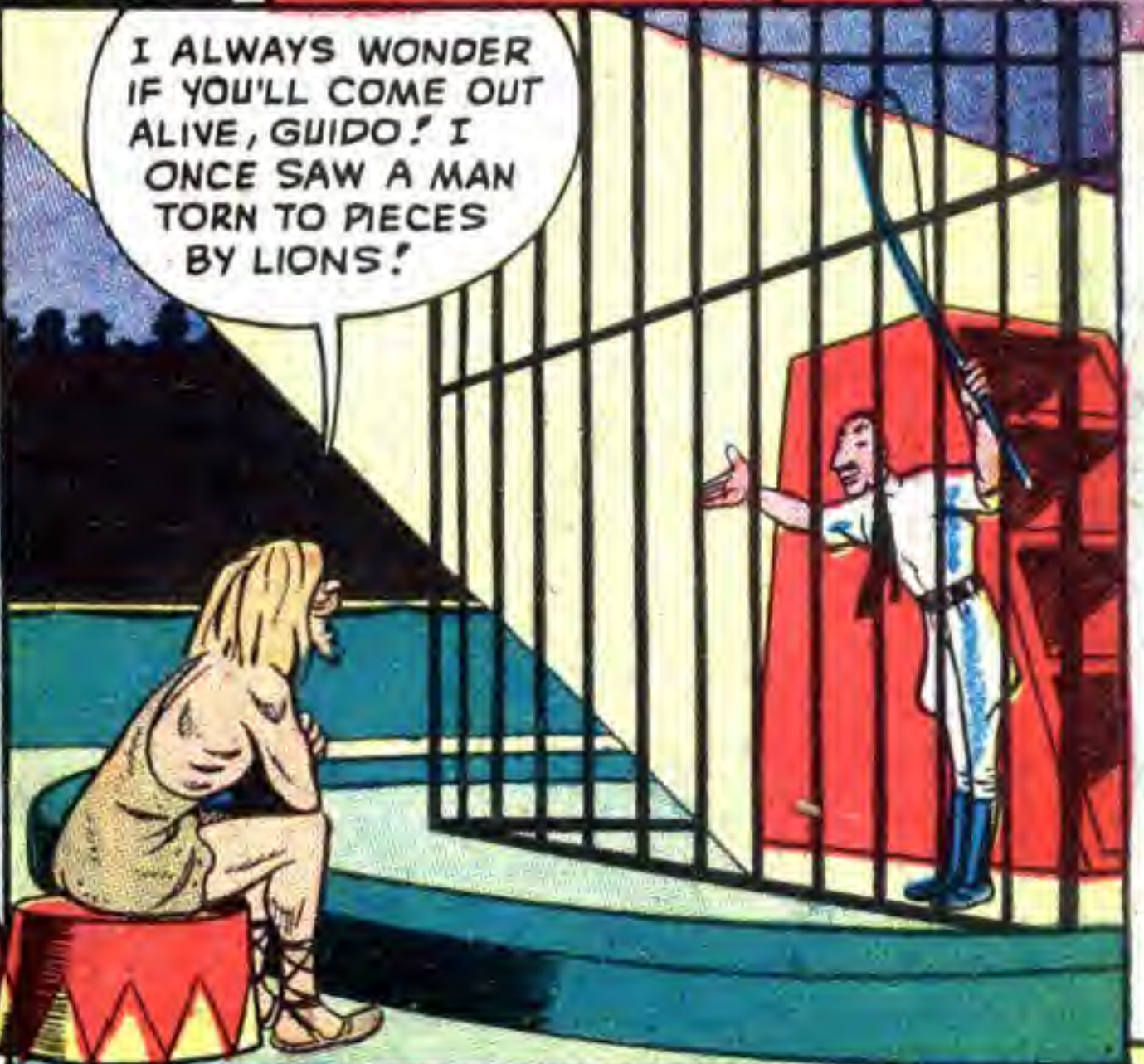
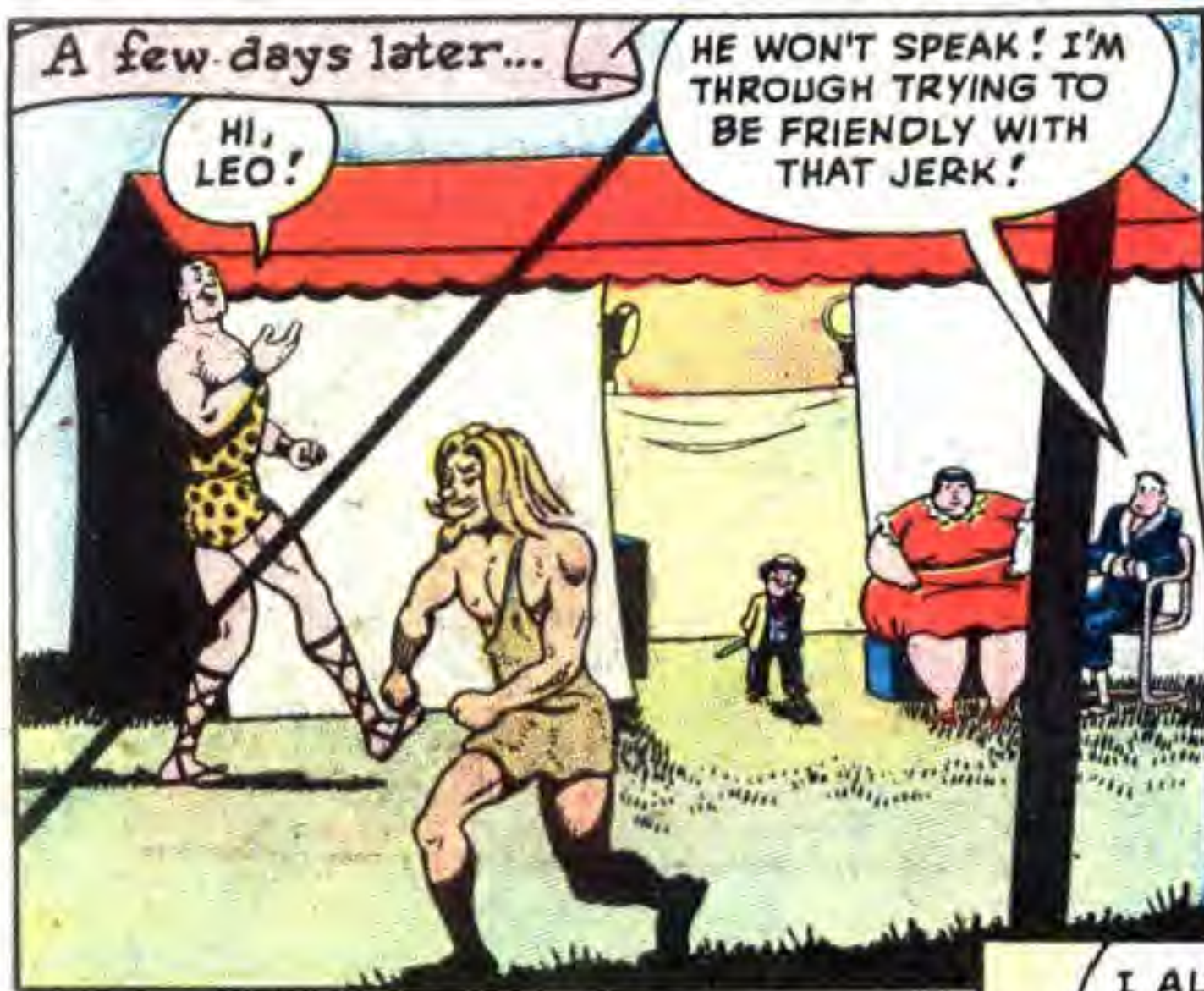


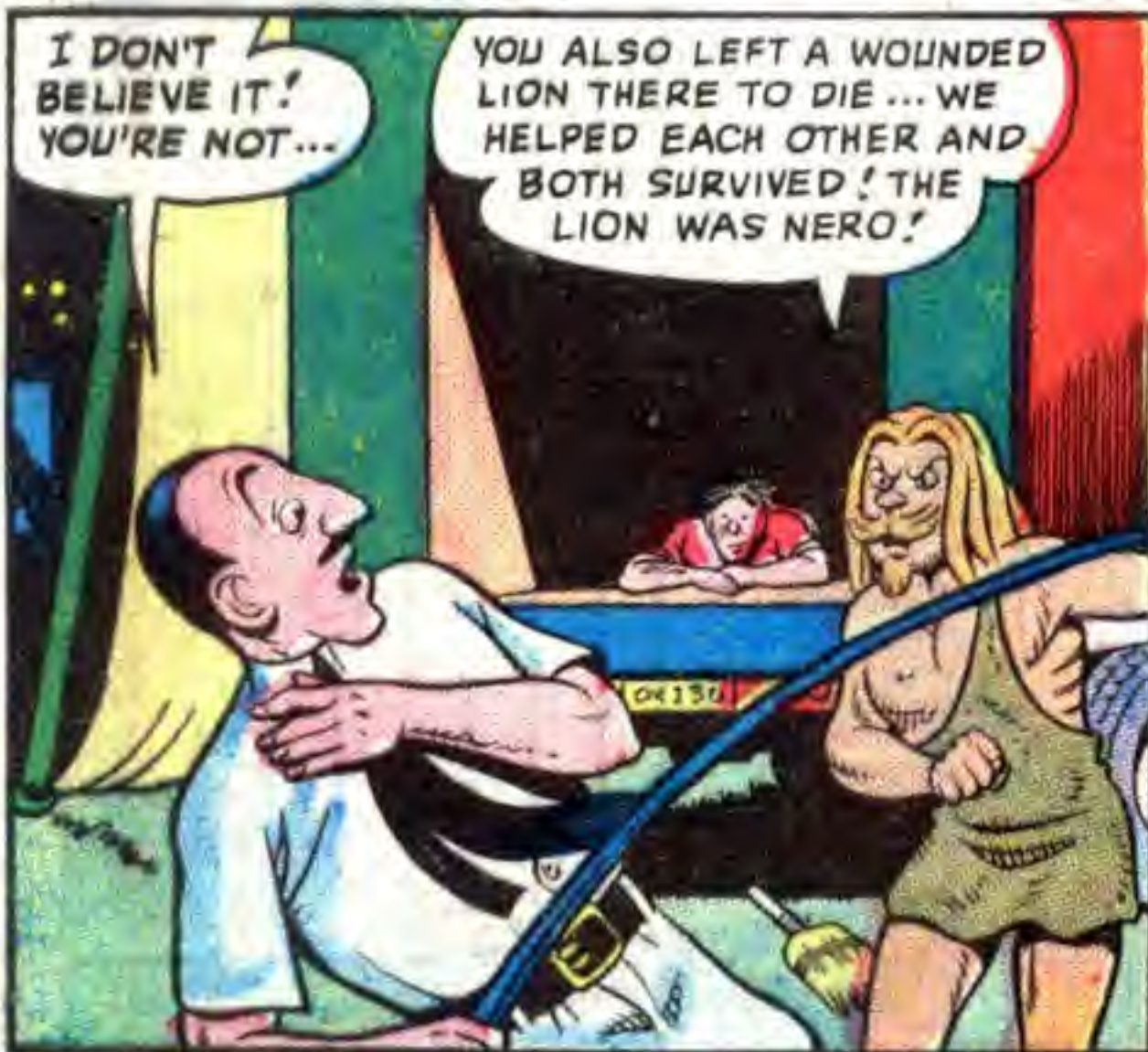


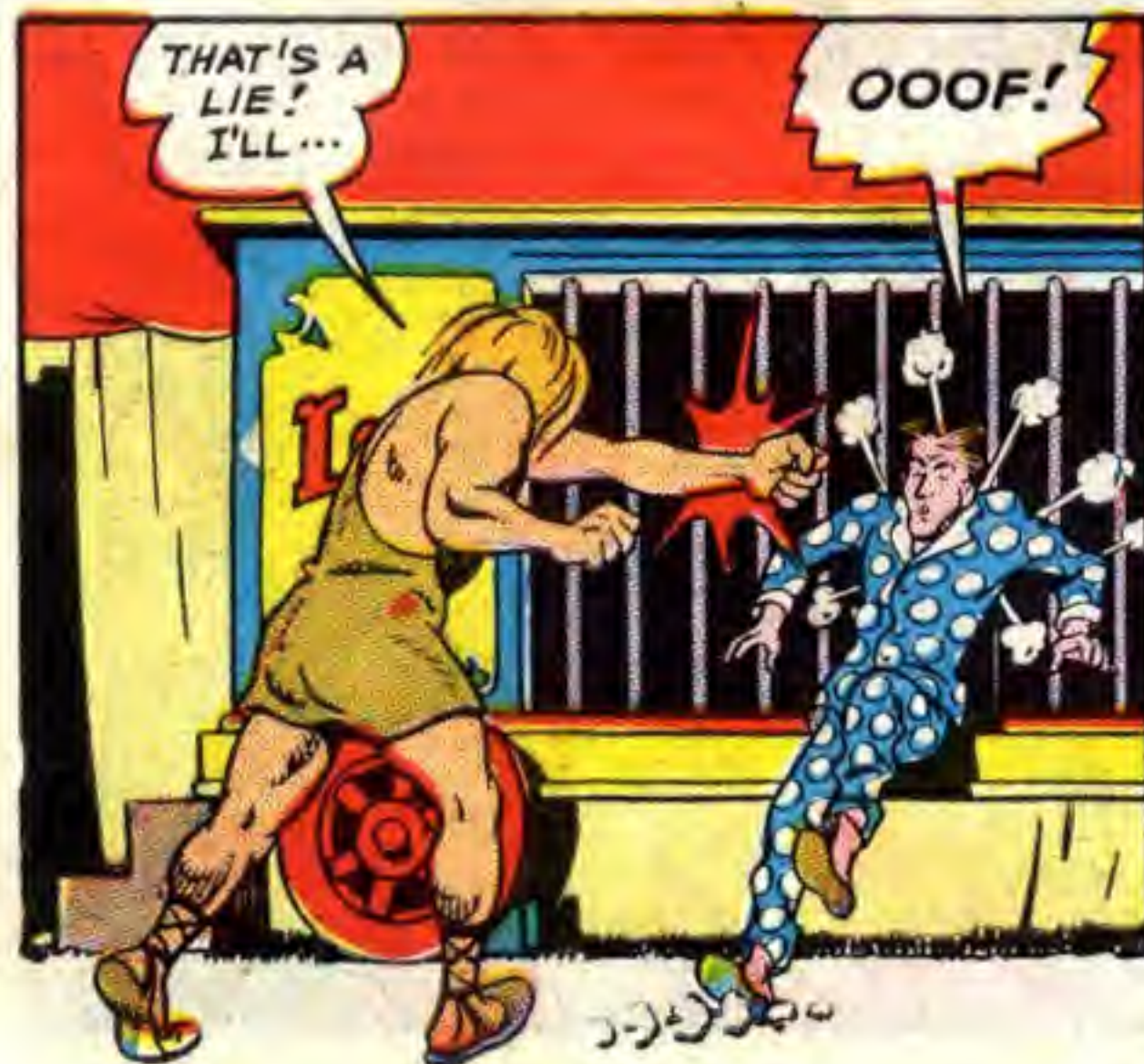
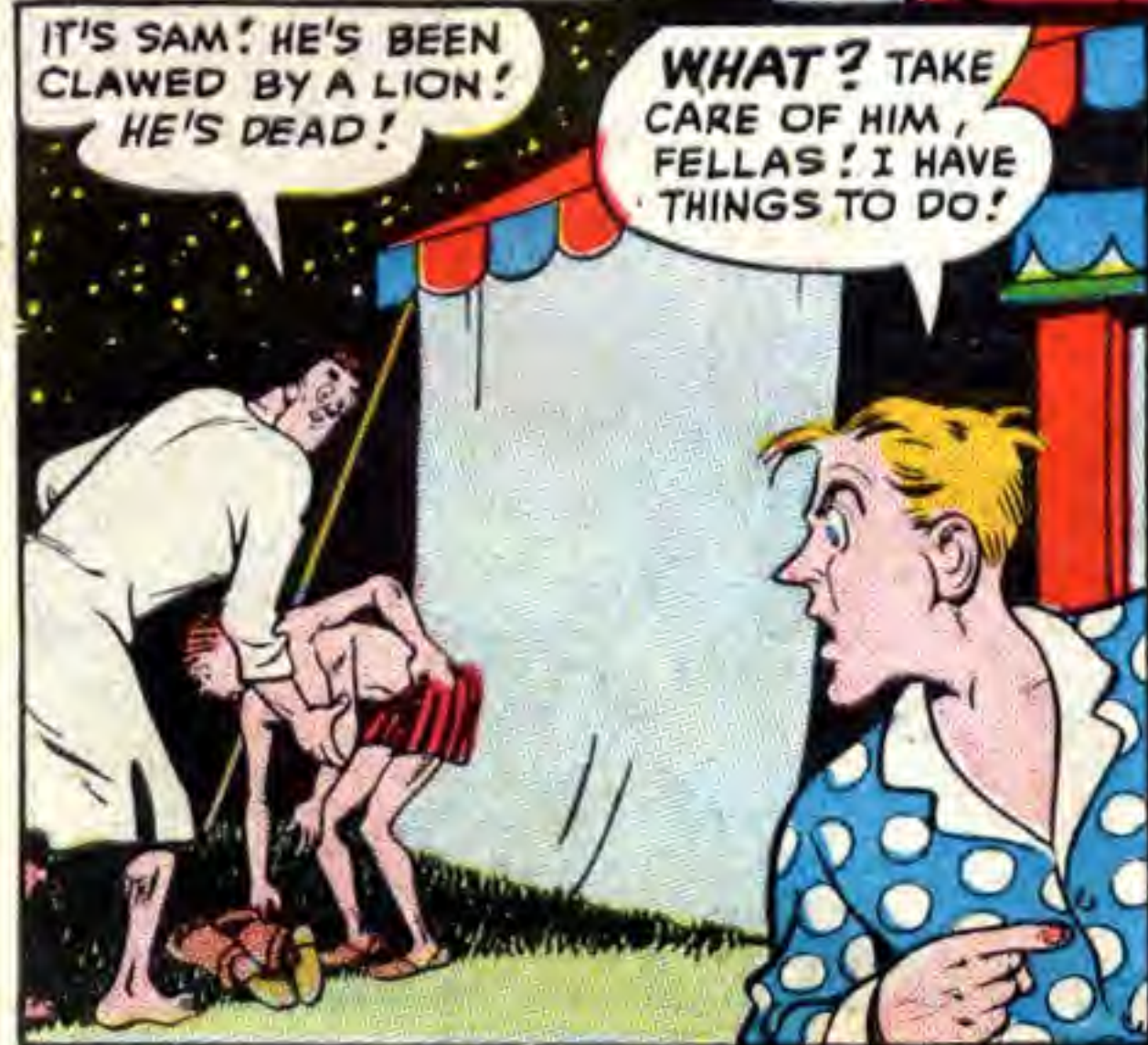








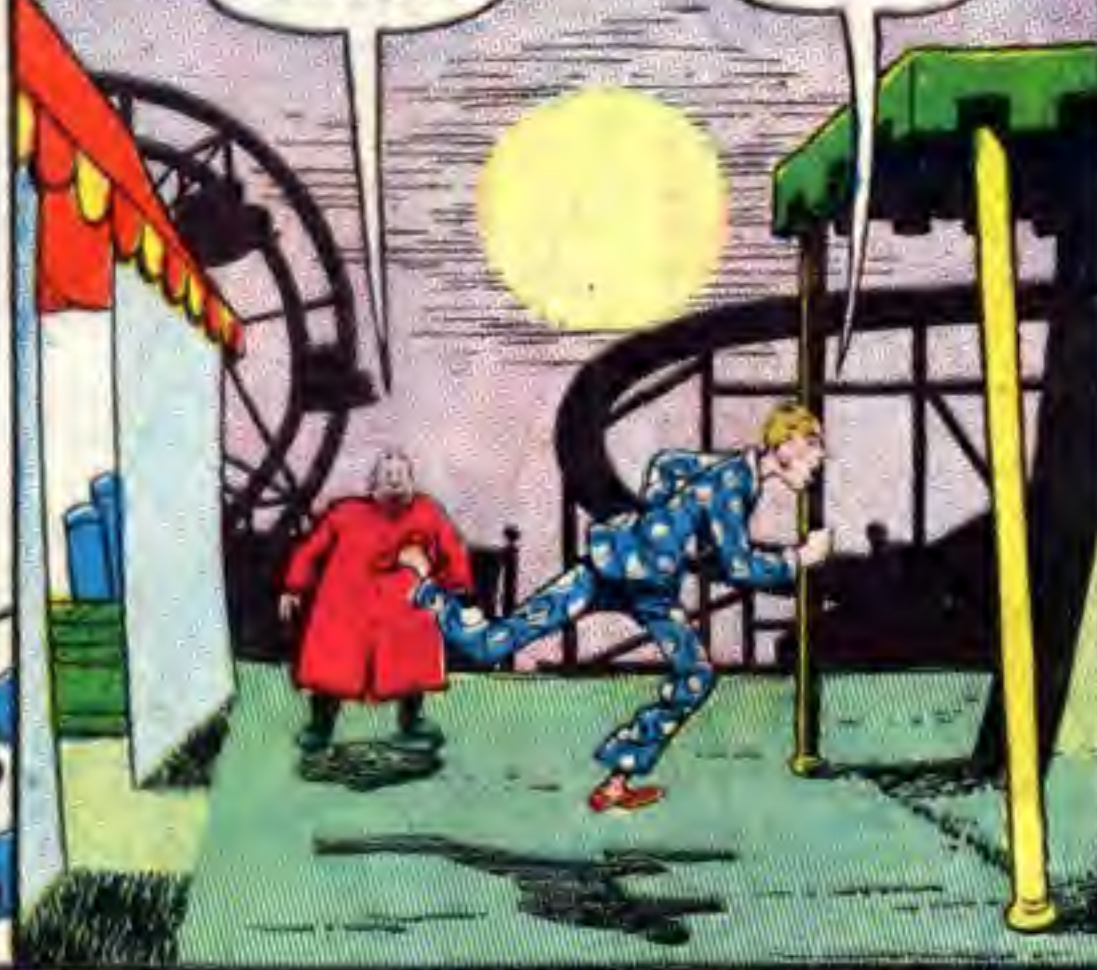




IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEONE WHO WANTED TO PUT THE BLAME ON YOU! THAT COULD ONLY BE...



CARNIE, WHAT'S WRONG? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



TO TRY TO FIND A KILLER!



HE'S NOT HERE! THAT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO SEARCH FOR...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS...

IT'S MY BUSINESS THAT YOU KILLED SAM! THESE GLOVES WITH BLOODY CLAWS ON THEM PROVE IT!



COME BACK HERE! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!

OH, NO? YOU WON'T GET ME, CALAHAN!



I'M GOING TO LET THE CATS OUT! WHEN THEY FINISH WITH YOU, YOU WON'T TALK!

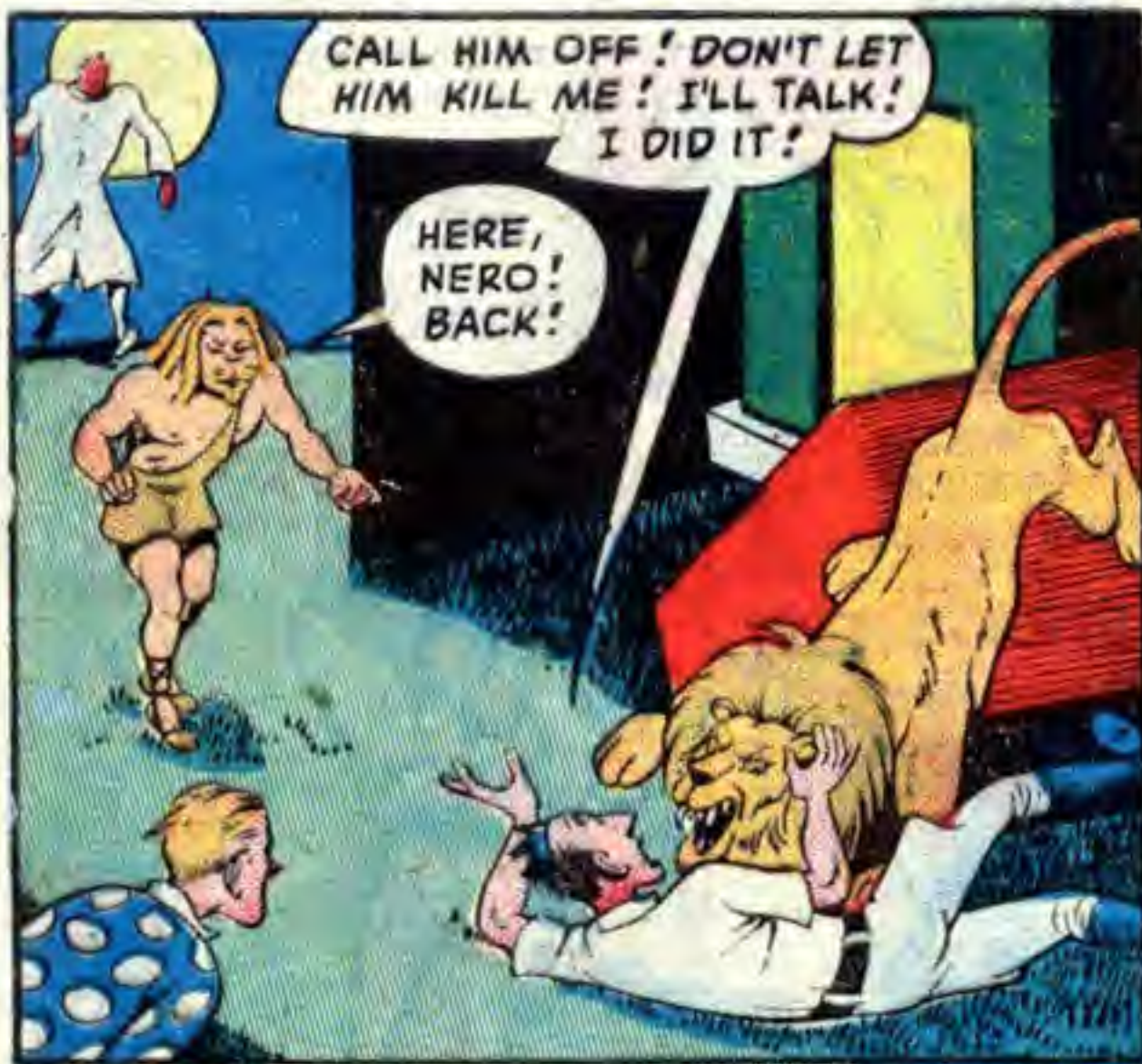
GUIDO! WAIT!



GROWRR!

AIEEEE!





Salty Waters

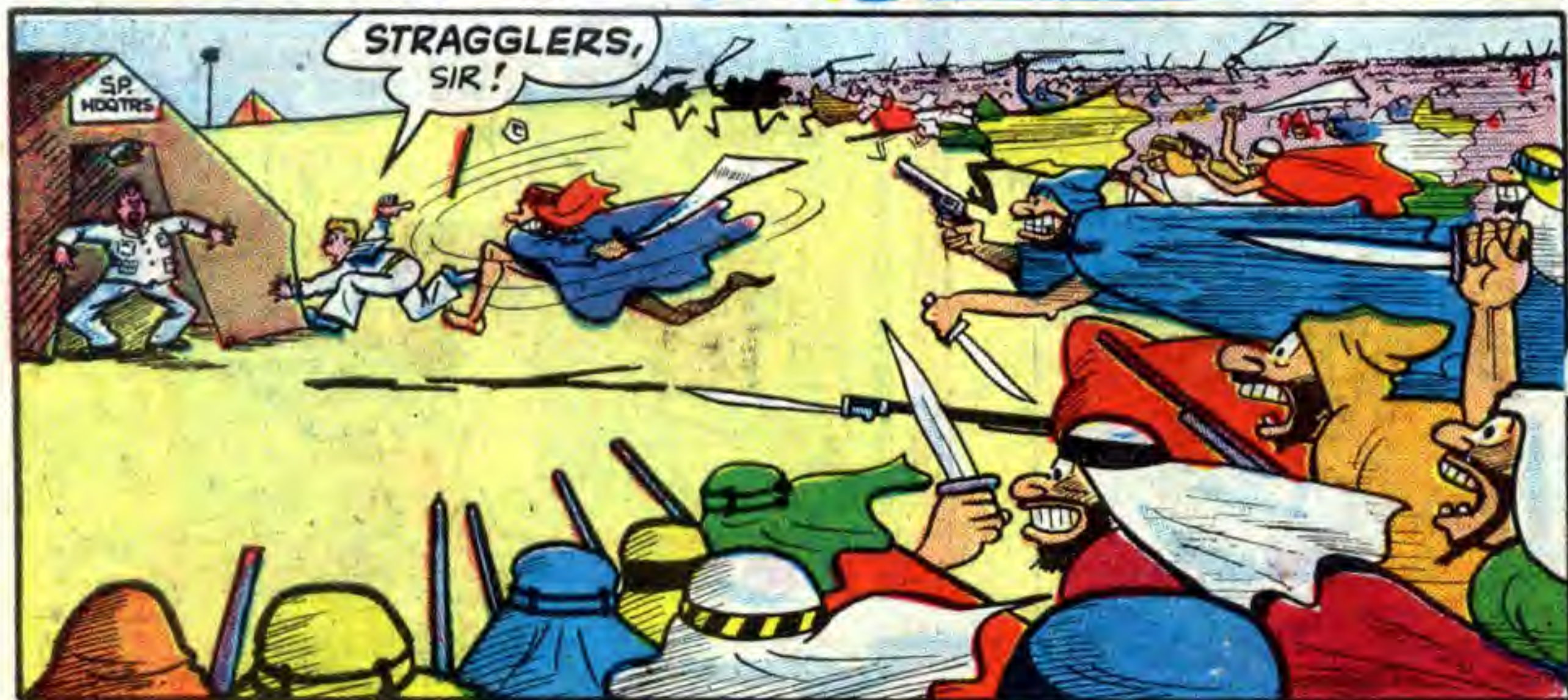
SALTY...WE'RE MAKING YOU A TEMPORARY S.P.!

OH BOY! THAT MEANS I CAN ARREST PEOPLE, EH?

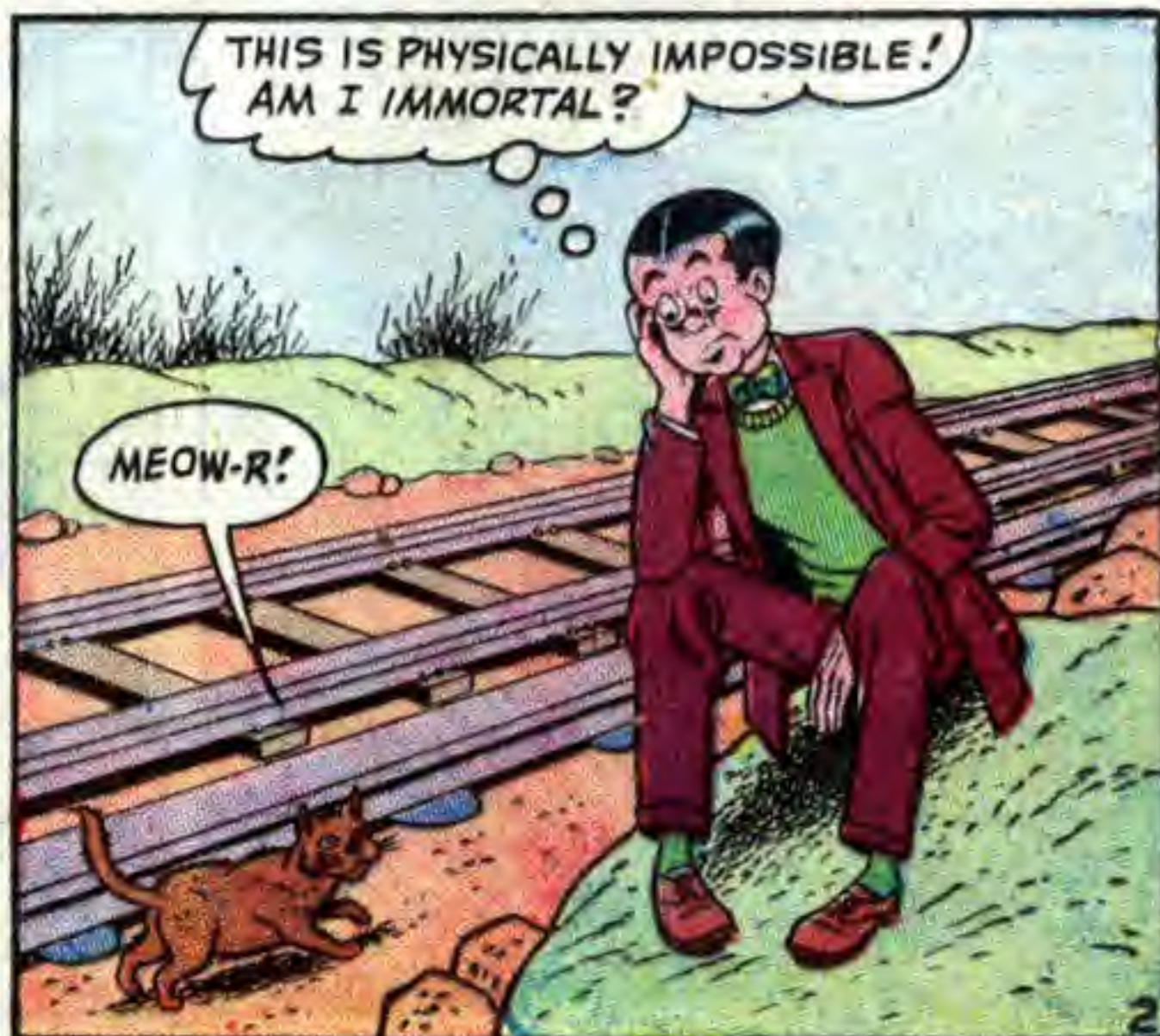
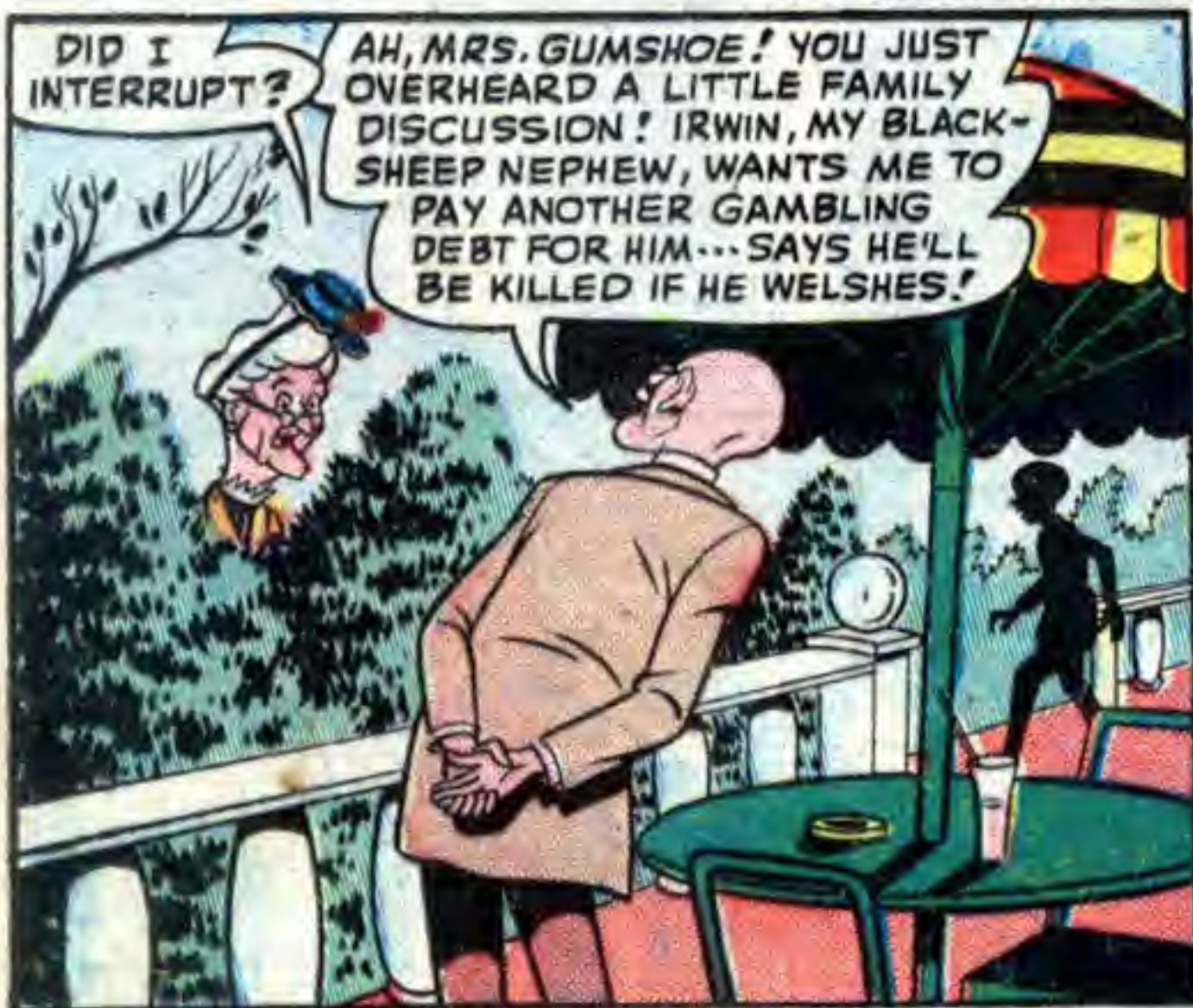
YES, SIR!

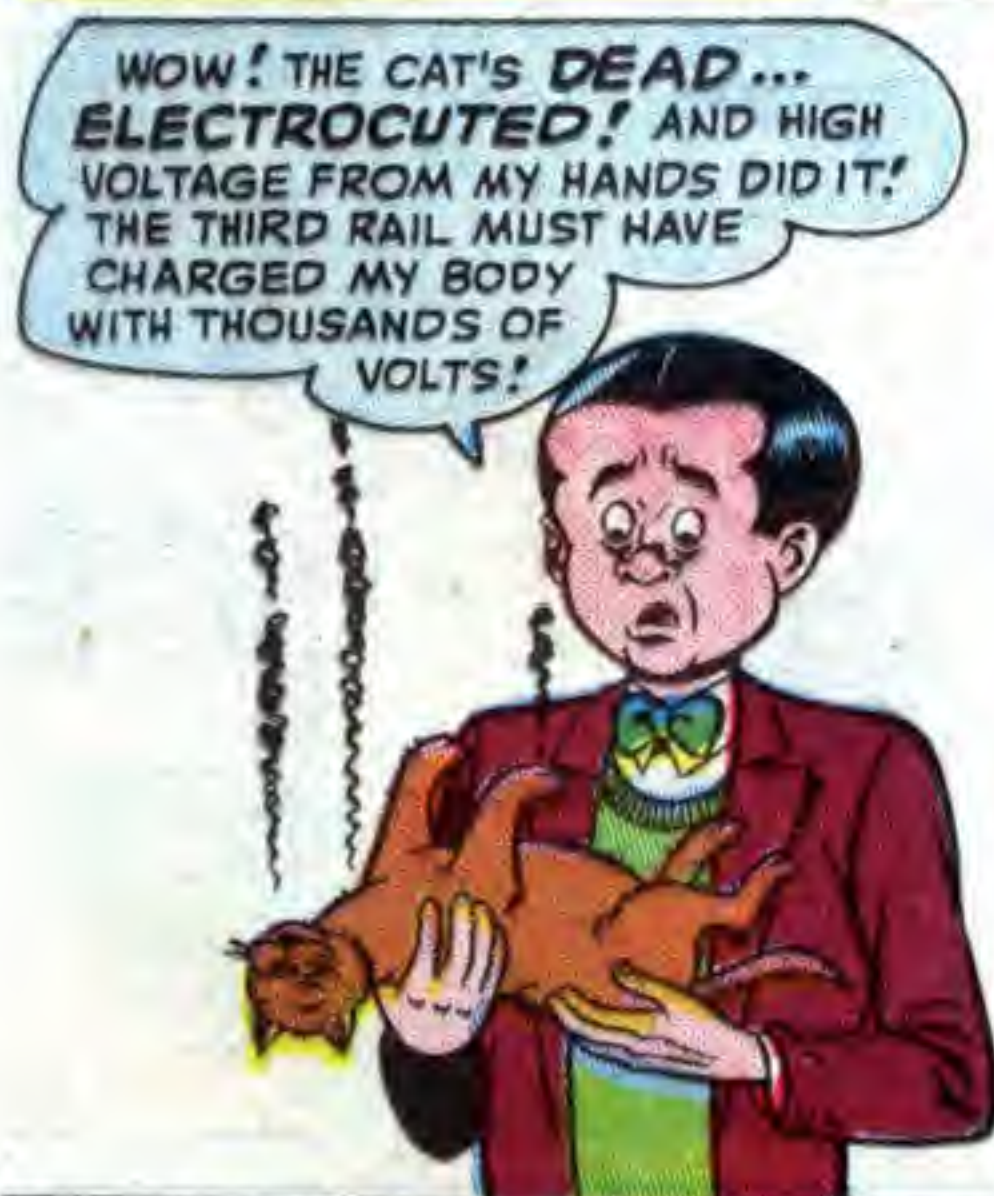
WHATTA YA SUGGEST I DO FIRST?

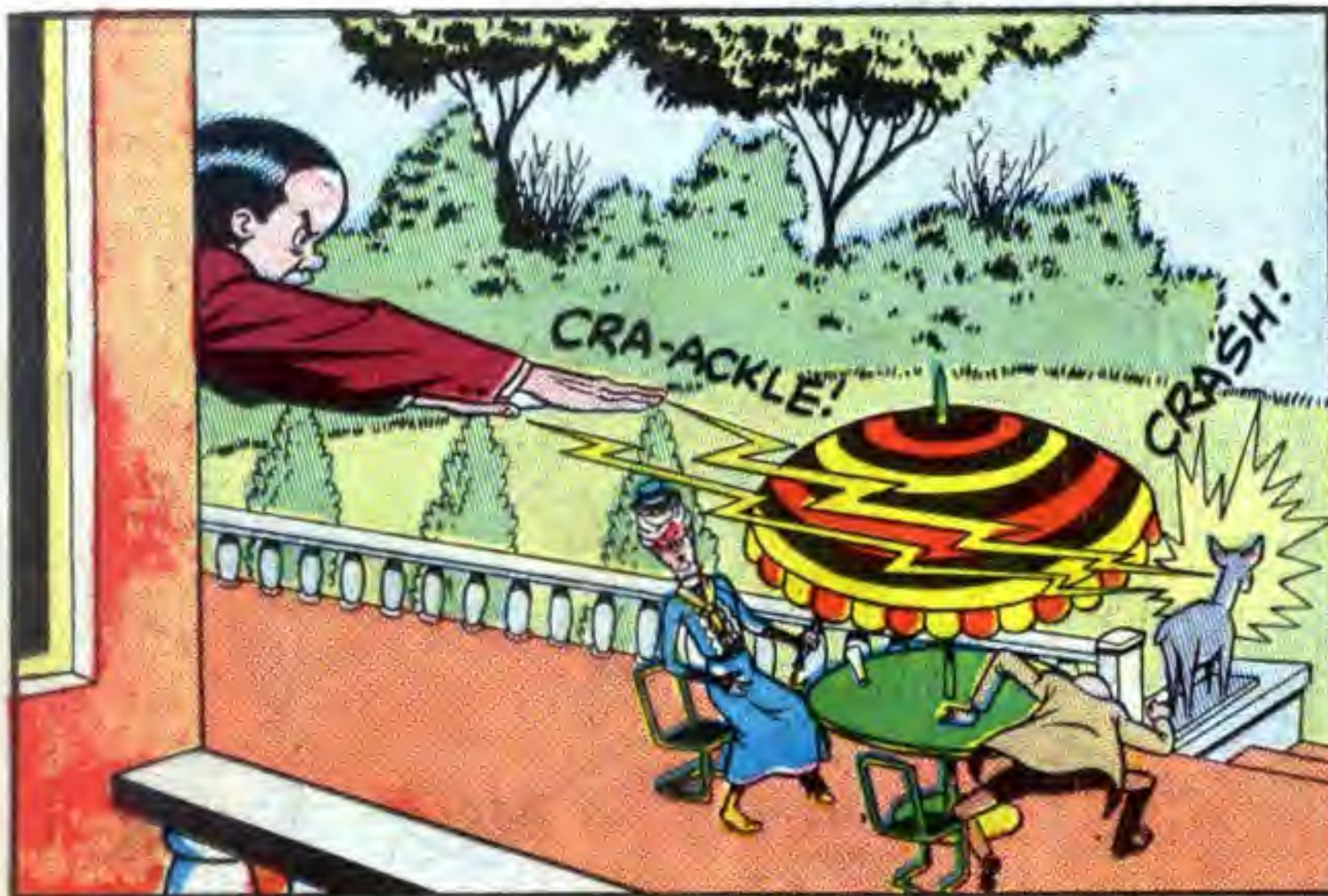
WELL... YA MIGHT TRY ROUNDING UP ALL STRAGGLERS!

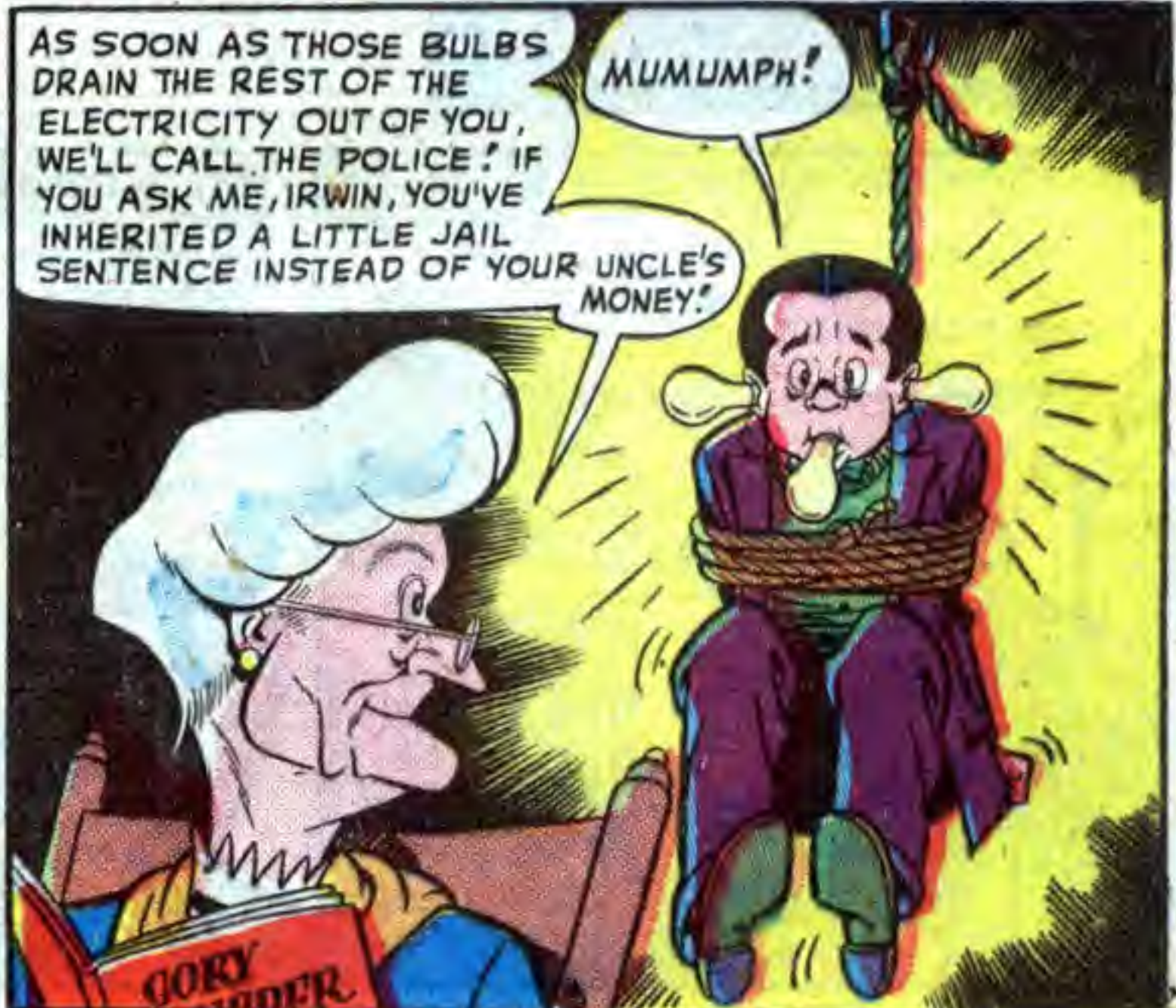
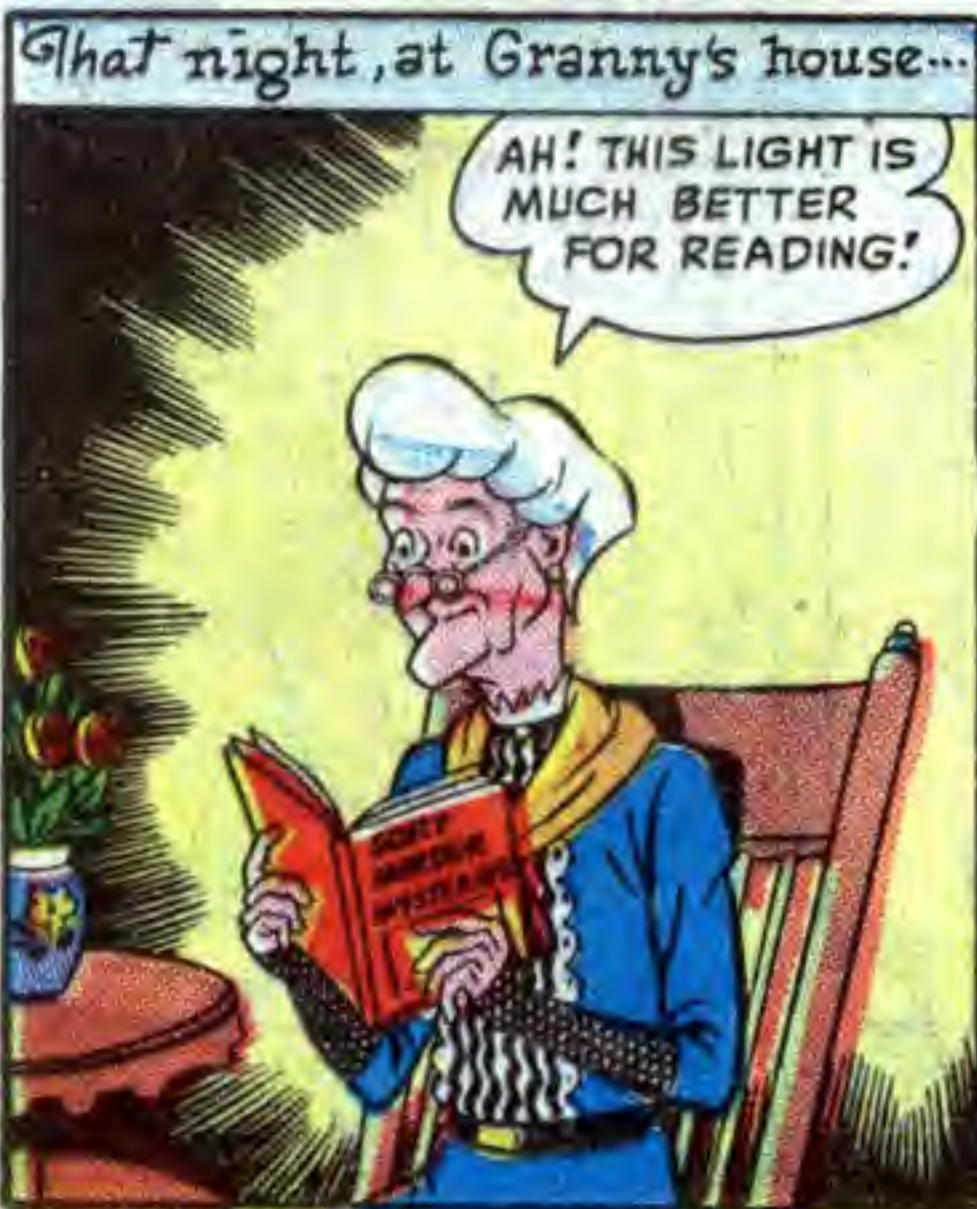
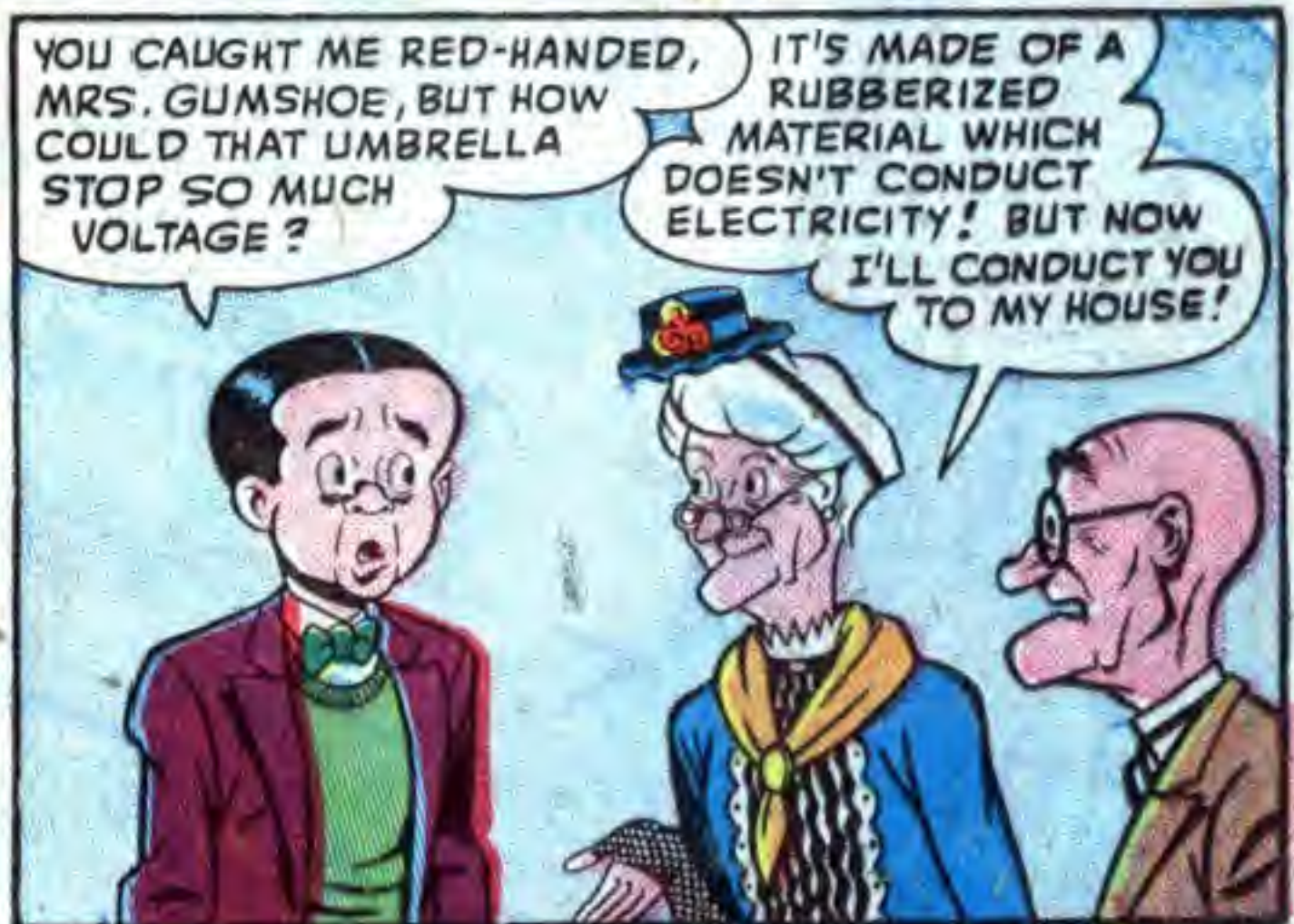




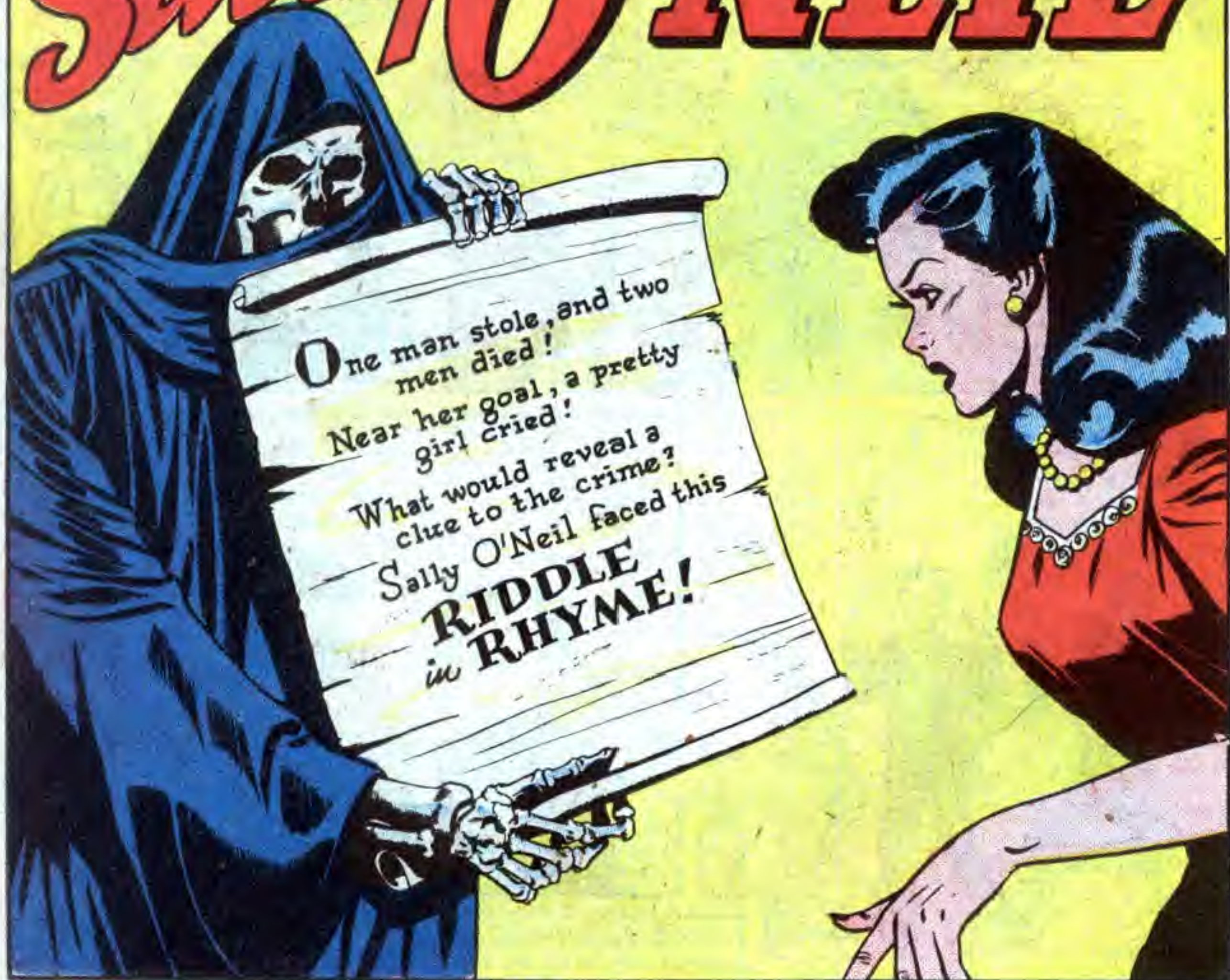






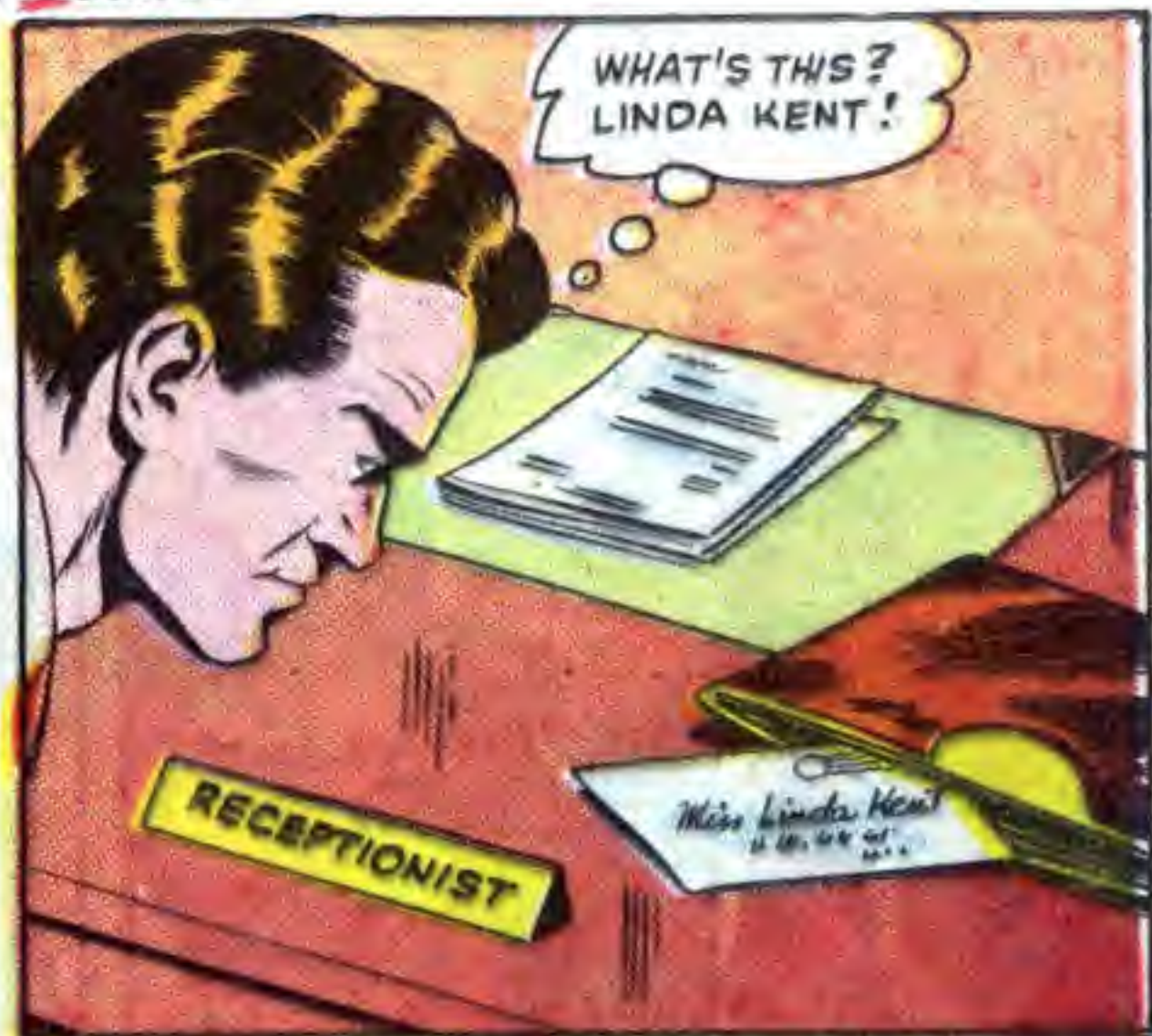


Sally O'NEIL

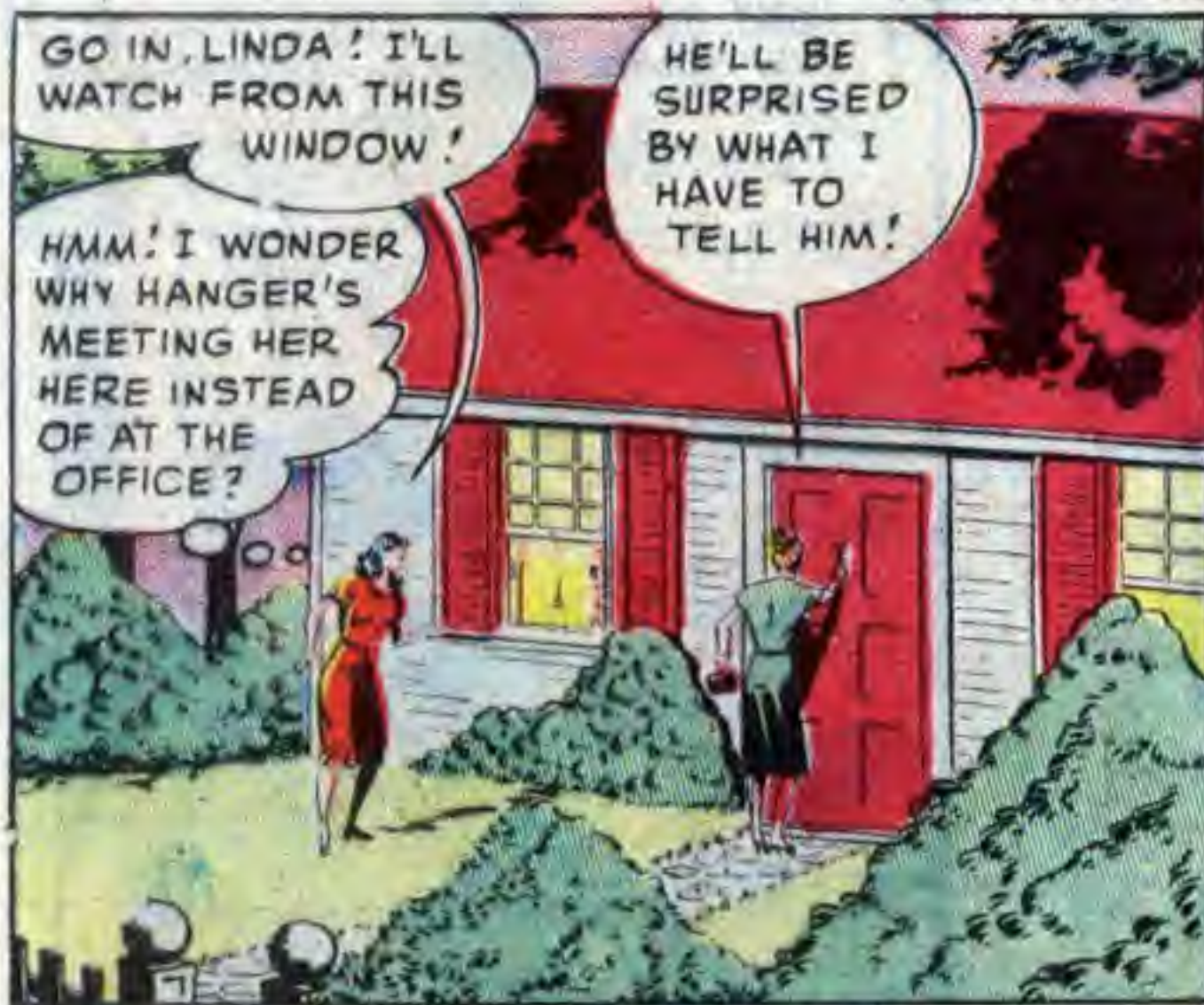




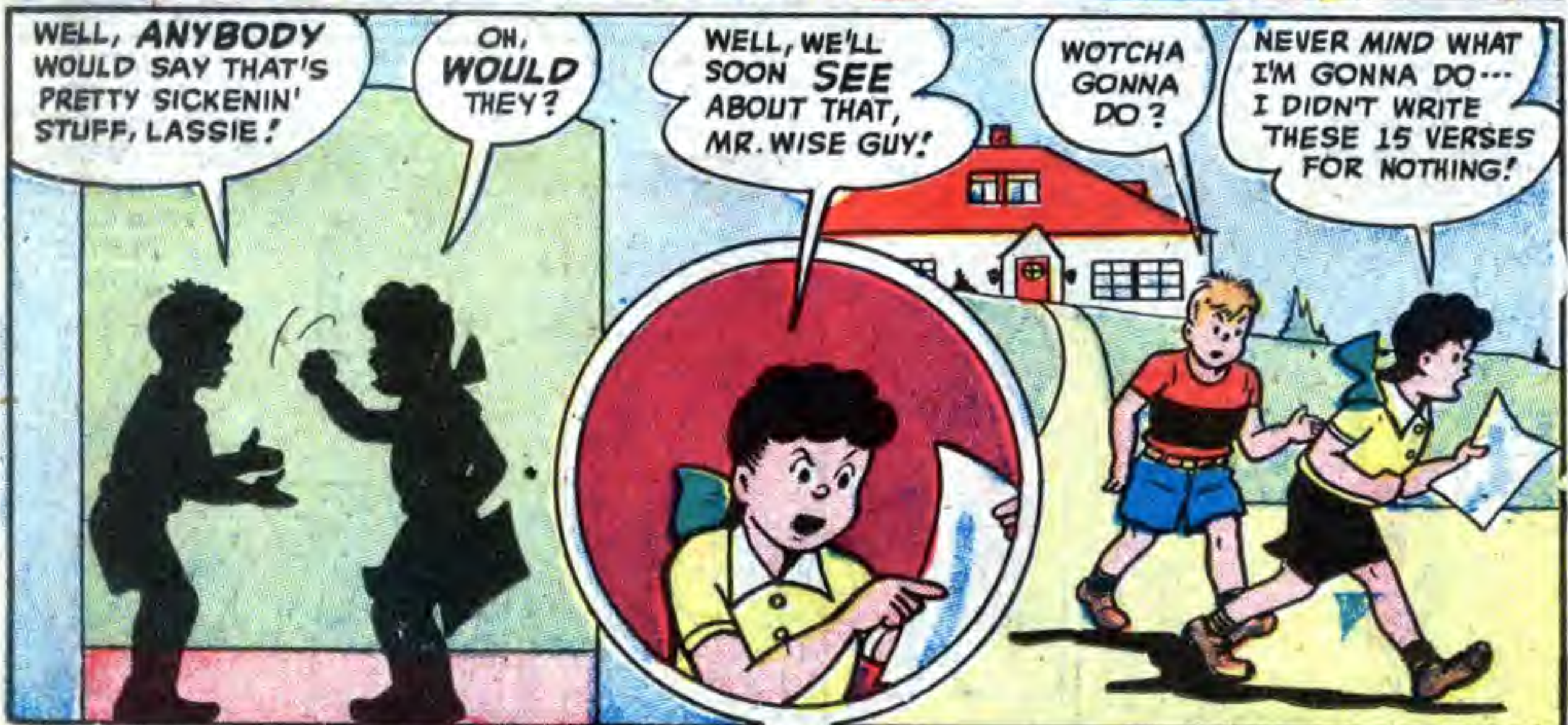








LASSIE

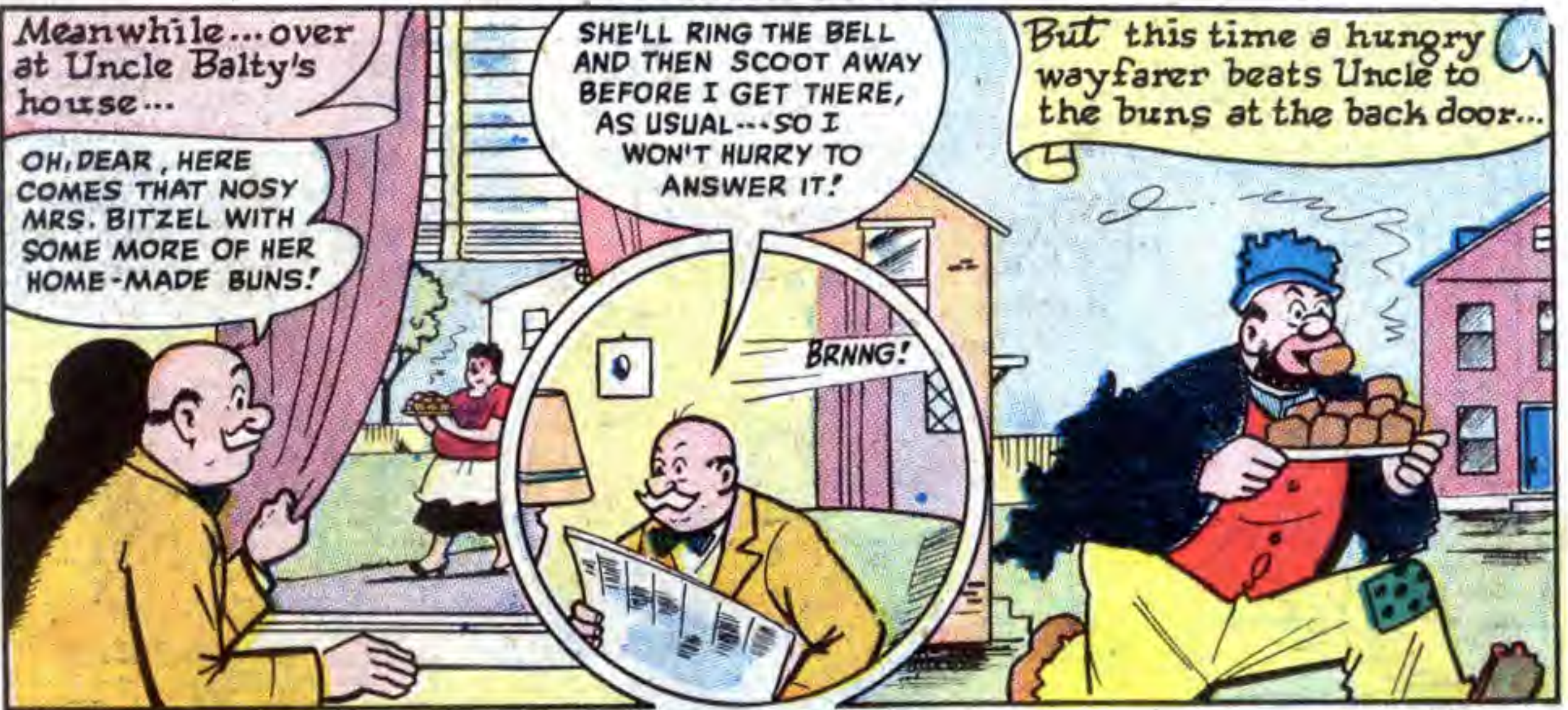


Meanwhile... over at Uncle Balty's house...

OH, DEAR, HERE COMES THAT NOSY MRS. BITZEL WITH SOME MORE OF HER HOME-MADE BUNS!

SHE'LL RING THE BELL AND THEN SCOOT AWAY BEFORE I GET THERE, AS USUAL... SO I WON'T HURRY TO ANSWER IT!

But this time a hungry wayfarer beats Uncle to the buns at the back door...



... and shortly afterward...

I'LL LEAVE MY POEM UNDER UNCLE'S DOOR WITHOUT SIGNING IT!

AND THEN ASK HIM LATER HIS FRANK OPINION OF MY POETRY!

WELL, GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH AND BRING IN MRS. BITZEL'S BUNS!

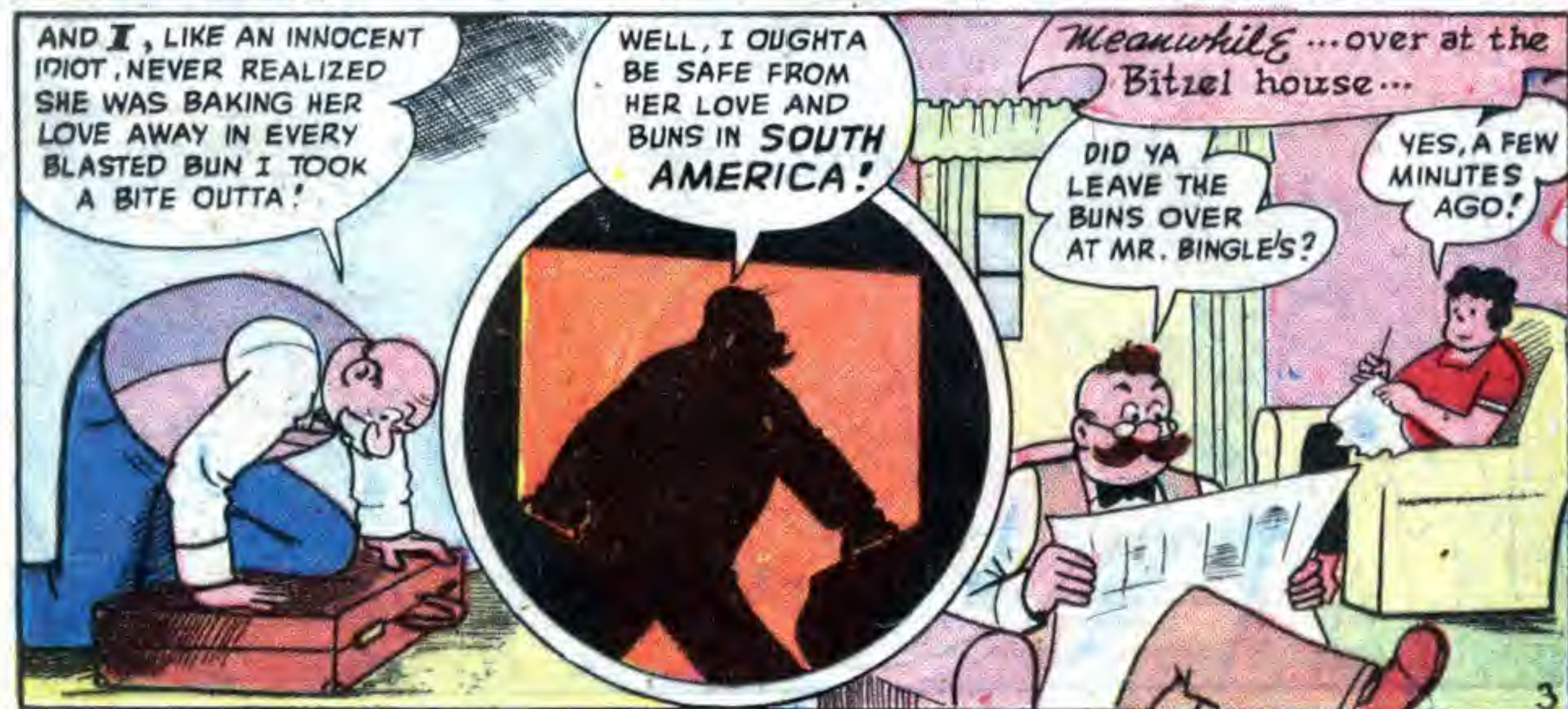
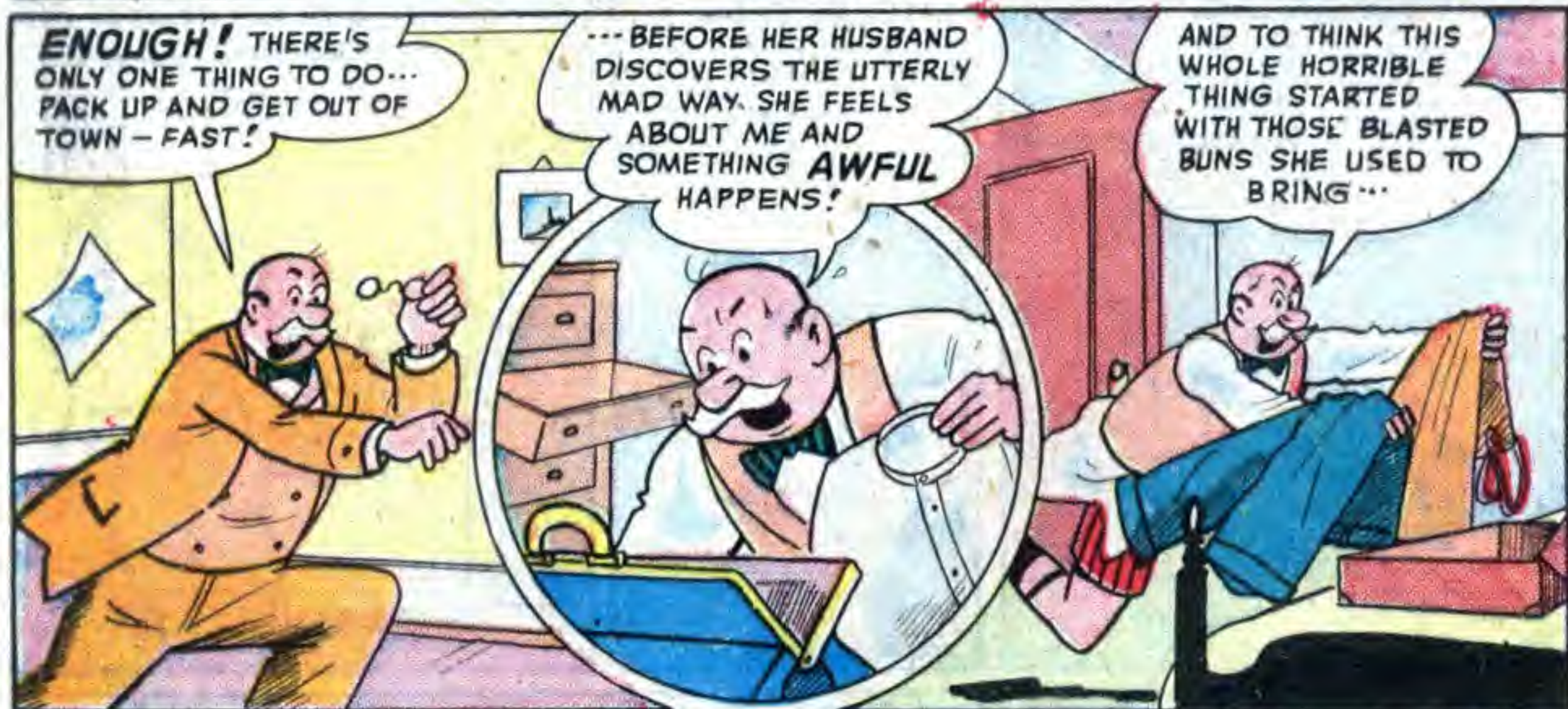


THAT'S FUNNY... INSTEAD OF BUNS THIS TIME, SHE'S LEFT A NOTE!

GOOD GLORY... IT'S A POEM, S'HELP ME! WHAT'S THIS? "YOU'LL NEVER KNOW THAT YOU'RE MY SECRET ROMEO"!

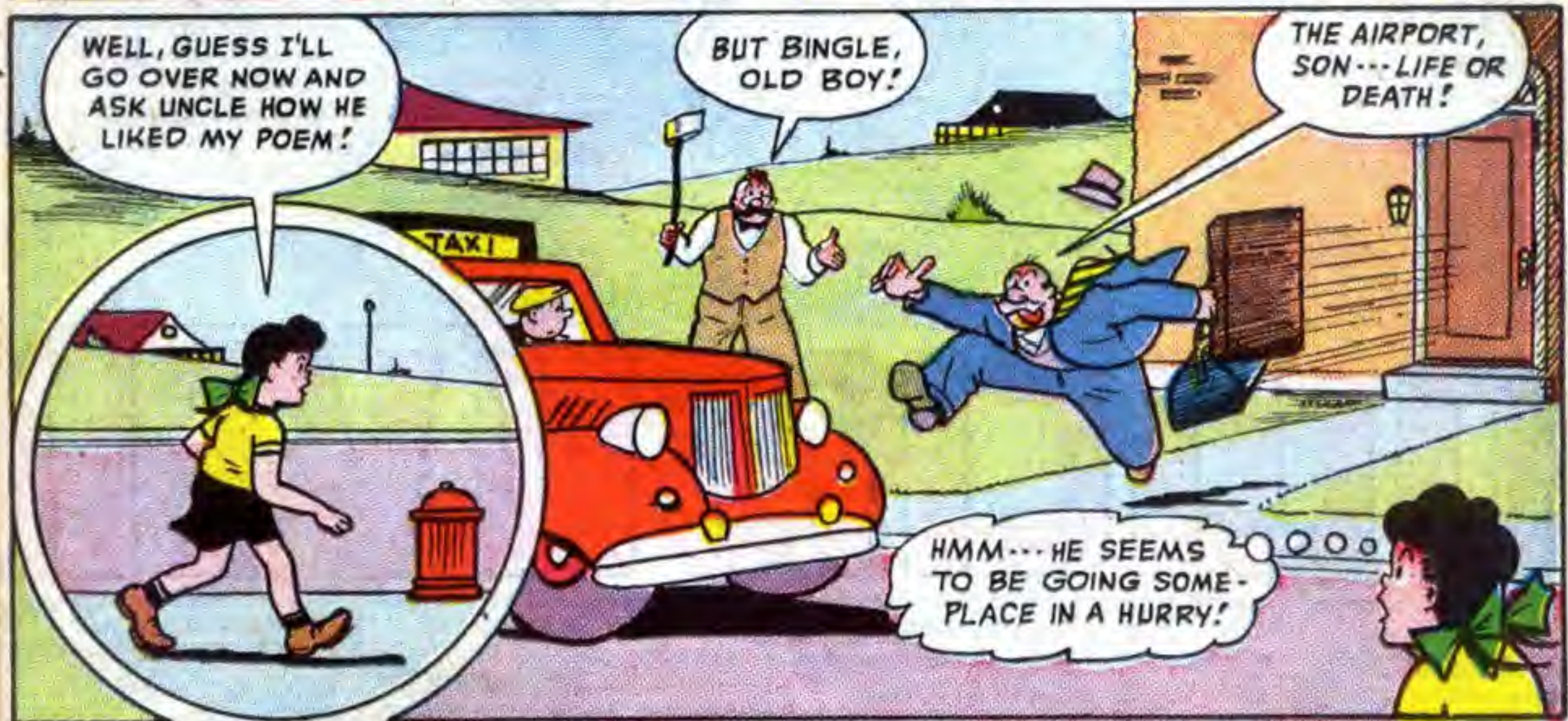
"OH, APPLE OF MY EYES AND EARS, MY KNIGHT AND HERO, TOO, NO ONE KNOWS, I DO SUPPOSE, THAT I WAS MEANT FOR YOU!"







WELL, HE'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, BLAST HIM!





A sleepy town falls under the spell of a cunning criminal called **SLUMBER!** Even the ever-alert **QUICKSILVER** is caught napping...but not for long!

QUICKSILVER

Goldville, a small, but prosperous town..

I FIGURED THIS TOWN WOULD BE ON THE GANG'S LIST! GUESS I WAS WRONG!



IT'S A CLEVER GANG! NOBODY KNOWS HOW THEY...WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THESE PEOPLE?



OHhh, MY HEAD! I'M DIZZY!



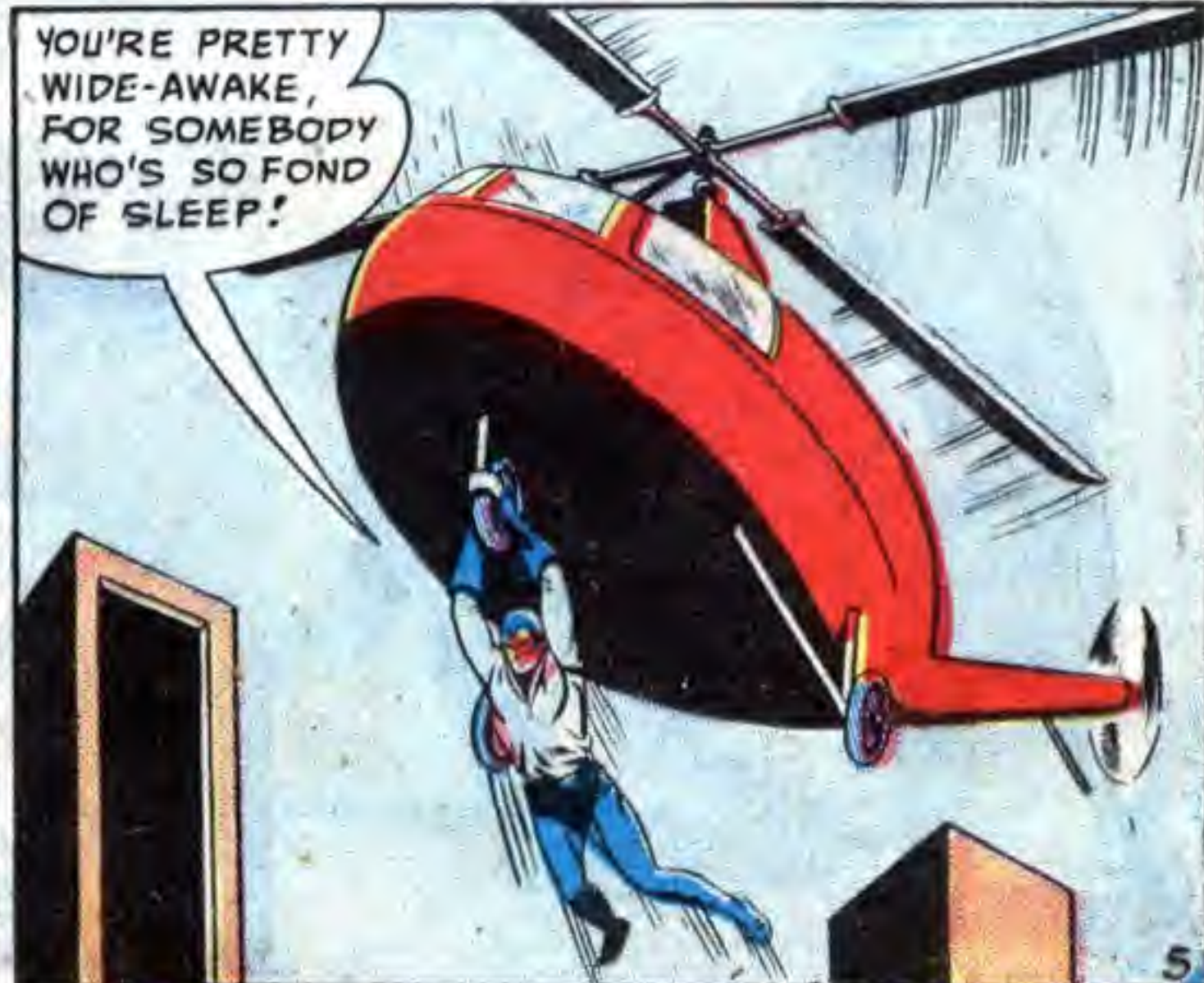
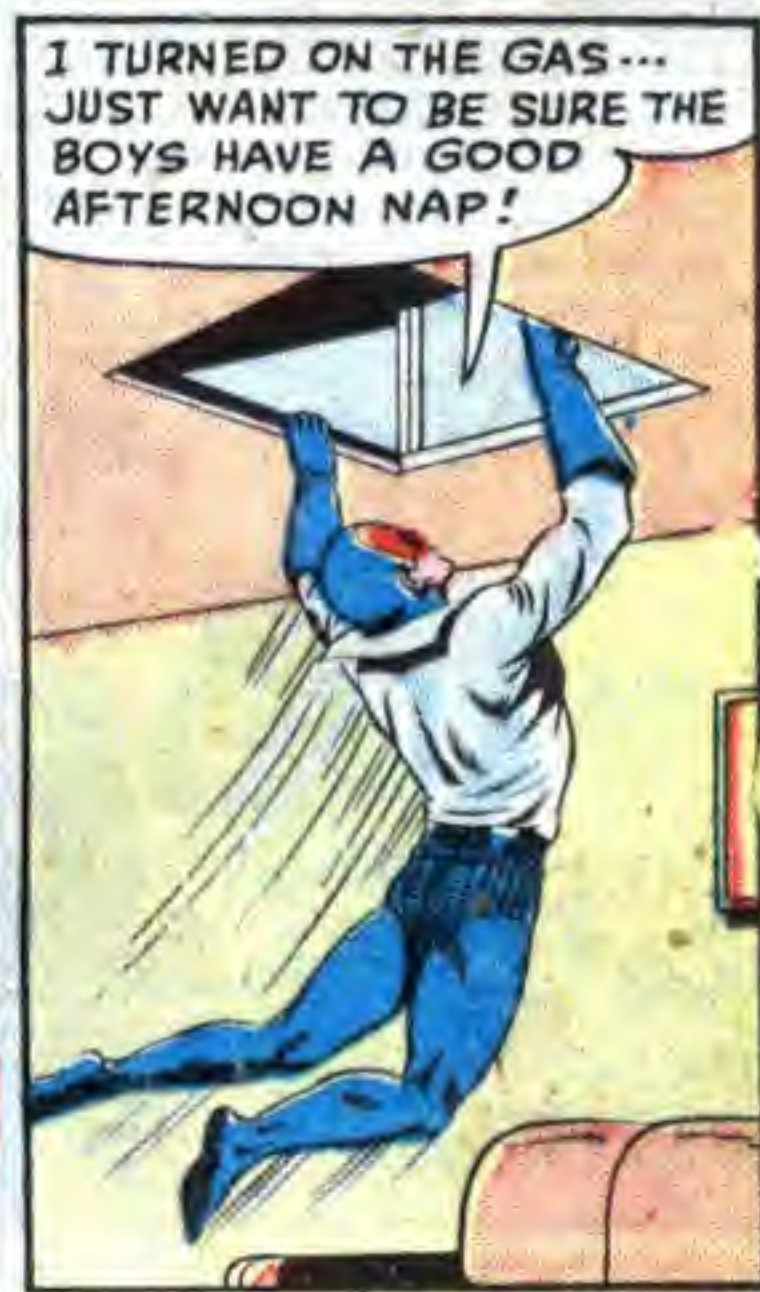
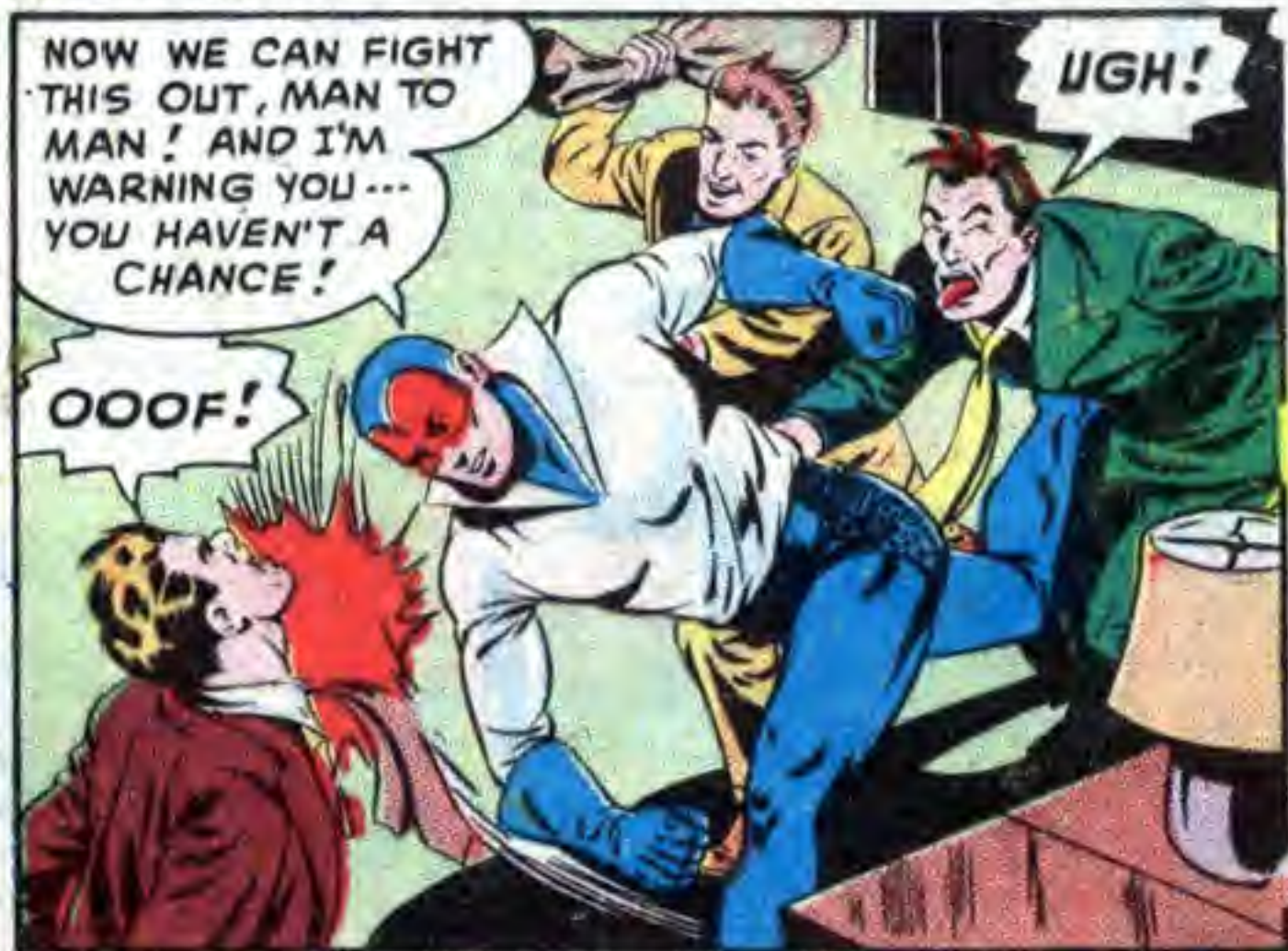


So, while the inhabitants sleep, the town is looted...











CURE For FIREBUGS

HANDO was juggling, thrilling a dozen or more kids who had flocked to the circus grounds the day Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus arrived in town.

The kids were open-eyed as they watched the brilliant display of juggling art. But they switched their allegiance when Spudo, the four-armed man, came up and began stealing Hando's stuff. Spudo really made Hando look like a chump. After all, with his four arms he could keep twice as many objects in the air at once as Hando.

The kids began jeering at Hando soon after Spudo started juggling.

"Throw him a fish!" said a particularly obnoxious youngster to the deflated juggler. "He can't juggle. Look at Spudo!"

"B-but Spudo has f-four arms," sputtered Hando. "I h-have only t-two—and just ten fingers."

Still the kids yelled and poked fun at the circus juggler.

Spudo dropped the juggling equipment and grinned.

"I only wanted to prove a point," he said, "that a guy with four arms is better than one with only two."

Just then a strange man tapped Hando on the shoulder.

"You're Hando, the juggler, aren't you," said the stranger. "You're pretty good, too. Only you're not good enough to beat that kind of competition. Want to make some real dough?"

Hando turned his head and looked at the man. "Yeah," he said, "but how?"

The stranger smiled and said, "Easy, pard." Hando pivoted and faced the speaker.

"You can juggle, can't you," the man continued.

"Yeah," said Hando. "What do you want to make out of it?"

"I want you to juggle—something besides Indian clubs." The man held up two oblong objects. "These," he said. Hando looked at the objects, then studied the man's face.

"Yeah," he said, finally.

"Just put 'em where I tell you an' everything will be jake," the man said. "How would five hundred smackers please you?"

"Five hundred, smackers!" Hando raised his arms, flexed his bicep muscles.

"Five hundred," the man repeated.

"Okay," said Hando, taking the two oblong objects. "Where do I put 'em, pard?"

The stranger leaned close to Hando's ear

and whispered for a minute. Hando nodded and then walked off. The stranger slunk away, out of the circus grounds.

Carnie Calahan, the barker in Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus, was a good-hearted guy, who liked to give everybody an even break. He had hired Hando only because the juggler was down and out—or so Hando had told him. But Carnie figured Hando was fairly good. He hoped he would remain with the show.

Busy with his thoughts, Carnie strolled around the circus grounds, as he always did before a show, inspecting the animals and their cages.

Meanwhile, Hando was carrying out his new mission, "casing the situation," as the stranger had suggested. Stealthily, he went around behind the animal cages, plotting the path for his future execution of the scheme.

Carnie Calahan saw him in the act of bending over and observing the ground, and the barker wondered a little what he was up to. But Hando was too far away at the moment, and Carnie forgot—until later.

At the snake pit, Hando met Shali, the snake charmer of the circus.

"Hi, Hando!" she called. "What's cookin'? You look like you're tracking down a fox."

Hando grinned. "Mebbe I'm just lookin' for a new penny," he told her. Then, seriously he said, "Aw, I just like to know the whole layout when I work a show."

"Uh-hunh," replied Shali, and went about her business of training the snakes.

Near the elephant tent, Hando came across Tiny, the strong man, who was in the act of picking up the baby elephant, a recent acquisition.

Grunting mightily, Tiny lifted the little fellow, who weighed all of three hundred pounds, and then placed him gently back on the ground. He grinned at Hando, who stood open-mouthed at this feat of strength.

"Boy, you got it," Hando said.

"Sure," said Tiny. "I can lift almost twice as much when I'm in trim."

Two o'clock came, the starting time for the afternoon matinee. But this wasn't the hour for Hando to hatch his evil scheme. He did his juggling act as usual, received a fair ovation, and went to his tent. He reflected that he'd really be on his toes come evening.

Yes, Hando had come to a decision. The stranger had promised him five hundred bucks for this stunt, leaving the details of carrying it out up to the juggler. Hando, because he

had made a thorough inspection of the layout, knew just where he would plant his stuff for the explosion. Not behind the animal cages. No, in a more conspicuous place!

While the troupe was at dinner, Hando slipped out and went to work. The sun had already set and the interior of the big tent was almost dark. It only took him a few minutes to perform his task, and then he went back to the chow tent to wolf a heavy meal. His juggling act didn't come off till late in the show.

There was a large crowd at the evening performance.

Col. Lane paced back and forth behind the grandstand. A frown creased his ordinarily bland face. "There's something in the air," he told himself. He had never seen it fail. Whenever he felt like walking off his dinner behind the grandstand, there was sure to be trouble.

"But what?" Carnie Calahan, the barker, asked when Lane mentioned his feeling of uneasiness. "Everything seems to be going along smoothly. See anything wrong?"

"No," said Lane. "But that's just when something always happens."

Carnie laughed. "You're getting old, Colonel. You're circus-happy."

"Mebbe," said the Colonel. He walked away, puffing hard on his cigar.

The barker thought about this incident for some minutes afterward. He had been with the Colonel many years, and the "old man" seldom made a wrong prediction.

The trick horse act was just now coming to a close. This was the spot where the various clowns came into the ring to do their stuff.

Then the animal trainers brought out their lions and tigers. This exhibition was the highlight of the show. One of the trainers was a famous "cat" man. His act was a thriller from beginning to end. First he wrestled a huge lioness, then ran across the cage and turned his back to her. With a wild scream she tore across the cage and leaped for his back. He turned in the nick of time to grab her in mid-air. This stunt always brought the house down.

It was just after the "cat" man's wrestling act, when he was crossing the cage for the leap, that the thing happened. A trickle of red fire came racing around the huge center ring. It flared up into five-foot-high flames, sizzling and crackling as it encircled the big ring.

The audience began yelling. The animals went into a frenzy, howling and leaping at the sight of the flames. The trainers, using chairs and whips, couldn't calm the beasts. One of the tigers leaped past a guard and went tearing across the sawdust toward the first row of spectators. A general panic broke out. While people scrambled for the upper reaches of the grandstand, the tiger paused, eyeing them and snarling. Then he grunted and began a slow trot toward a group of women and children huddling together in a section of box seats. As the

tiger drew closer, they screamed in terror.

Gradually the line of fire burnt itself out. But by now three lions had broken loose, and the guards were firing at them with rifles.

Now Major Midge stood in front of the audience and begged them to remain seated. The tiger had been recaptured and there was nothing to fear.

Carnie Calahan, meantime, was trying to discover the source of the red fire—it was caused, he found, by the same kind of powder that people use in Fourth of July celebrations. But who had laid the train? What was the reason?

A sudden thought entered Carnie's mind, as he picked up a burnt shell lying at the side of the main ring. Where had he seen two odd-looking Indian clubs? In the hands of Hando, of course, after Spudo had shown him up. Yes, he had seen Hando walking away from a man and twirling two objects that looked like canisters—powder canisters!

Carnie rushed out of the ring and ran toward Hando's tent. Parting the flaps, he found Hando packing his suitcase.

"Wait!" shouted Carnie. "Where are you going?"

"No place," said the obviously frightened Hando. "Just putting away some stuff."

"Like what for instance?" demanded Carnie.

Carnie ripped open the suitcase and found one empty canister wrapped in a dirty shirt.

"So," he said. "You are the firebug."

Hando began sputtering and stuttering. Then, wide-eyed, he stared over Carnie's shoulder. The Barker whirled, only to find himself looking into the muzzle of a heavy pistol.

"Take it easy, guy," said the stranger, the same man who, earlier, had given Hando the canisters. "You know a lot, but it won't do you any good. I'm gonna fill you full of lead, so there won't be no talkin'." Moving the pistol slightly, he motioned to the juggler. "Pack up, Hando," he ordered, "an' get out to the car."

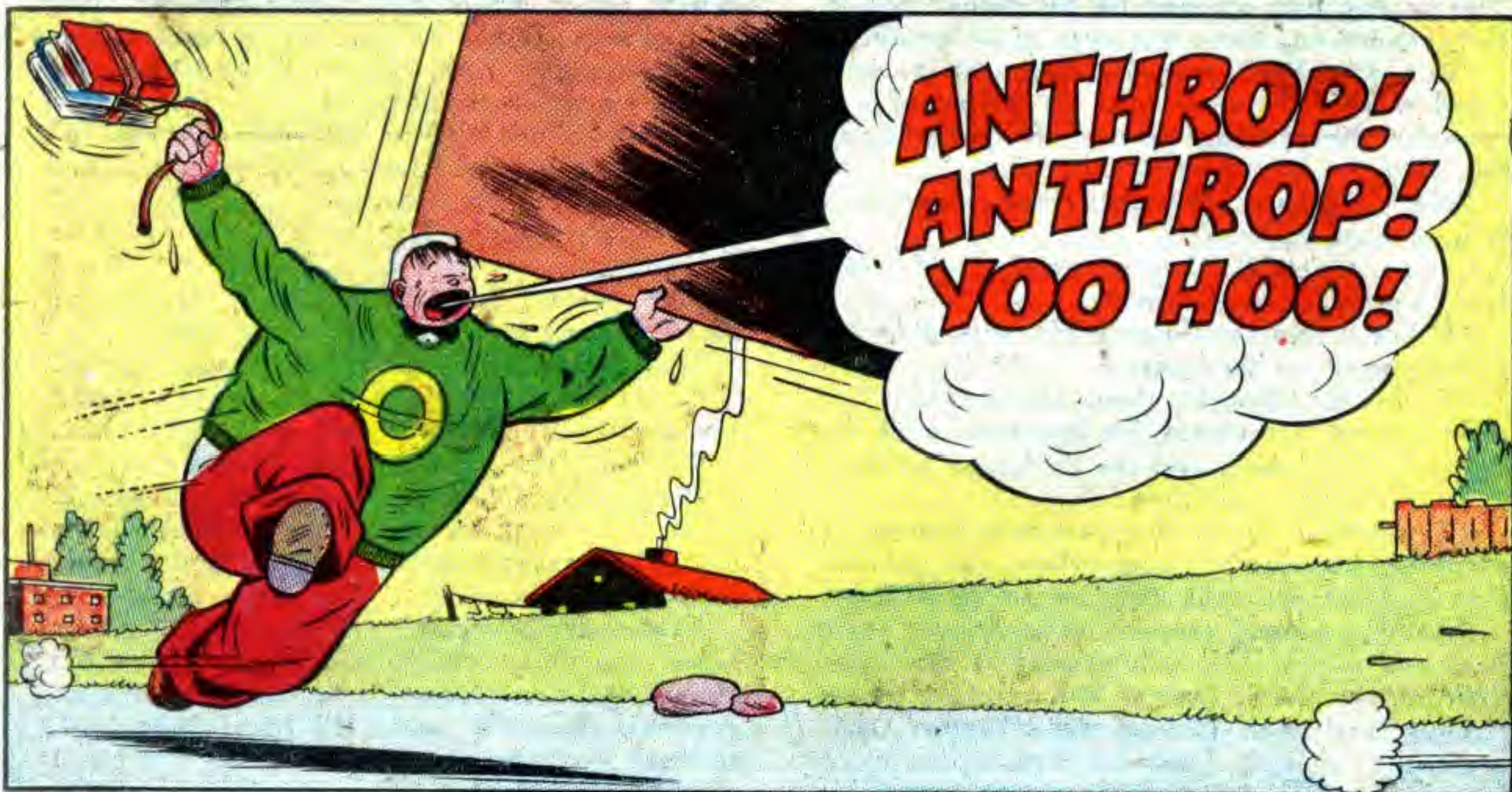
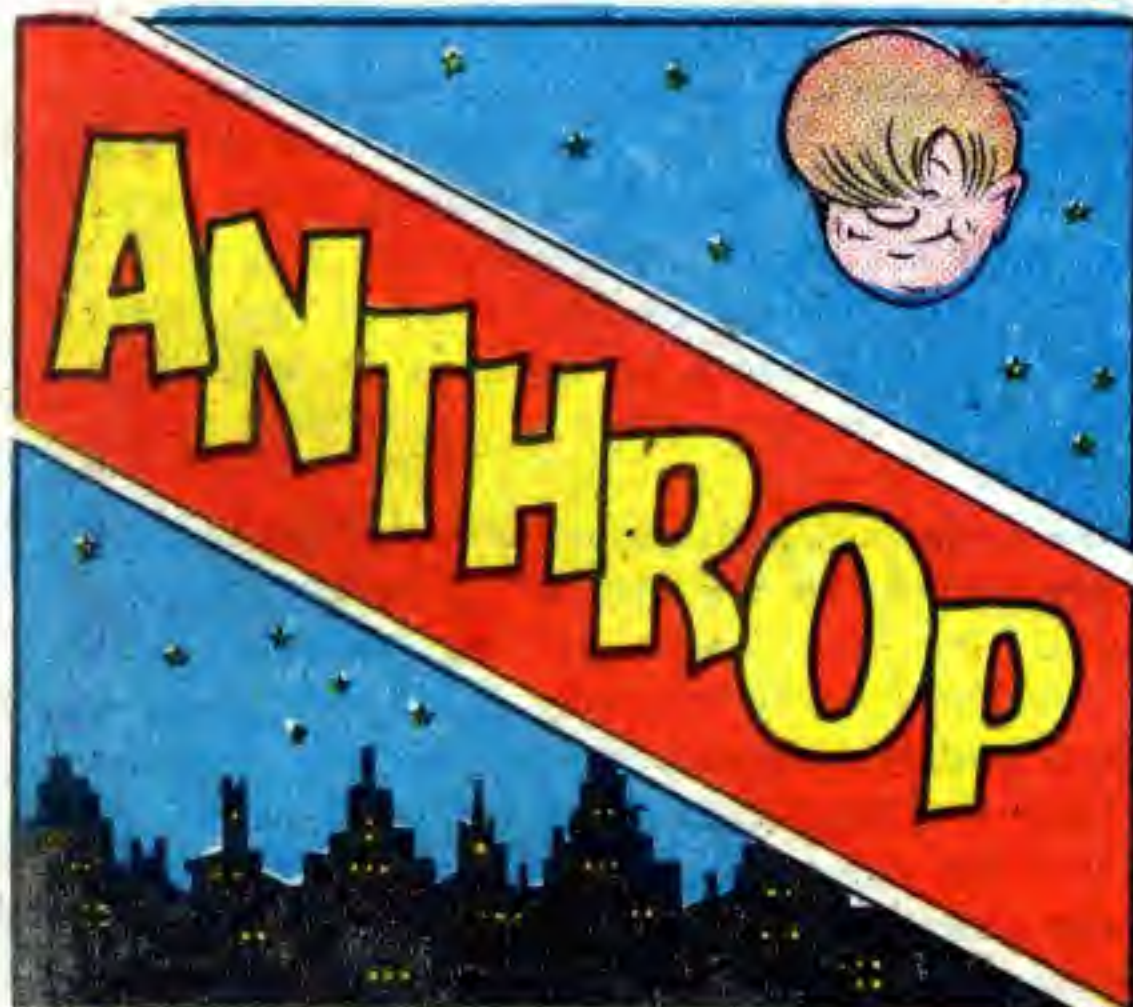
While the man was still directing his attention toward Hando, Carnie took a step forward, ducked and whirled. The stranger whirled with him, but not soon enough. Before he could level his pistol again, Carnie whipped his hand out of his coat pocket and shot a thin stream of liquid into the stranger's eyes. With a scream, the man dropped the pistol and clapped both hands to his eyes.

Carnie picked up the pistol and told the stranger and Hando to reach for the canvas roof. Just as they were raising their hands, Col. Lane entered the tent.

"Hurry up, Hando," he said. "You'll be late for your act."

Flourishing the pistol, Carnie laughed. "You're wrong, Colonel," he said. "This little act is over for good—thanks to a little squirt gun of ammonia I save for circus emergencies!"

"Hey, what's the matter with you?" they yelled at the two-armed man.



WHOLLY CATS! THIS IS IMPORTANT, OMAR! LISTEN TO THIS... ATTENTION, ALL STUDENTS...



... WRITE A COMPOSITION ON A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE YOU HAVE HAD IN THE FIELD OF SALESMANSHIP! FOR THE MOST ORIGINAL COMPOSITION, THE FOLLOWING PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED ... FIRST PRIZE...



... A WEEK'S VACATION! SECOND PRIZE ... TWO TICKETS TO ANY SHOW IN TOWN! THIRD PRIZE ... ONE-HUNDRED DOLLARS! PLUS FIFTY SURPRISE CONSOLATION PRIZES! CONTEST CLOSES OFFICIALLY TOMORROW AT TEN A.M.!

JUST MY LUCK NOT TO BE ABLE TO WRITE!



WEEK'S VACATION! (Ull *x!!) JUST MY LUCK, TOO, NOT TO HAVE HAD ANY TRUE SELF-EXPERIENCE IN SALESMANSHIP! (Ull #!?!)



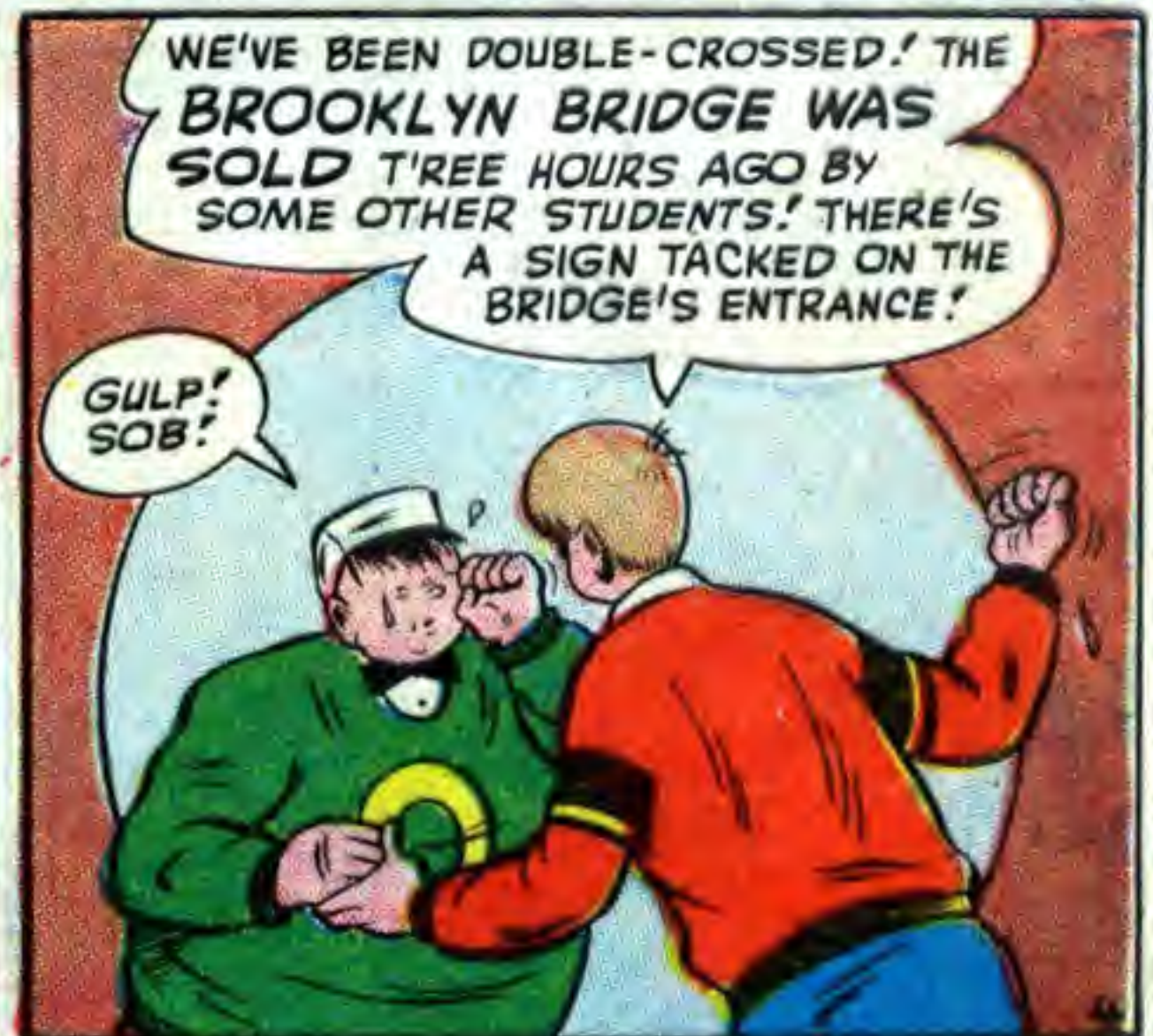
ANTHROP! ANTHROP! WAIT! I GOT AN IDEA!

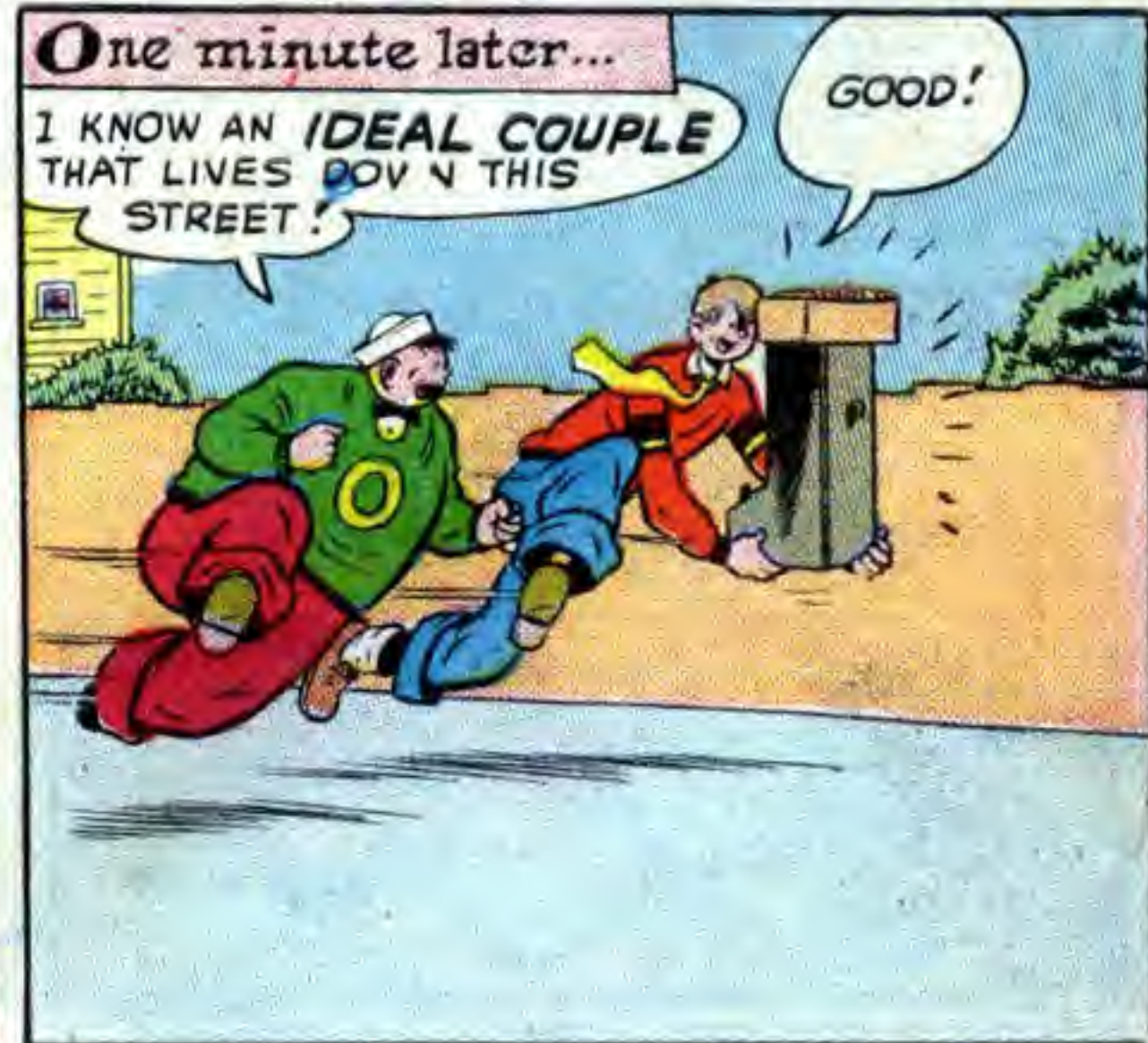
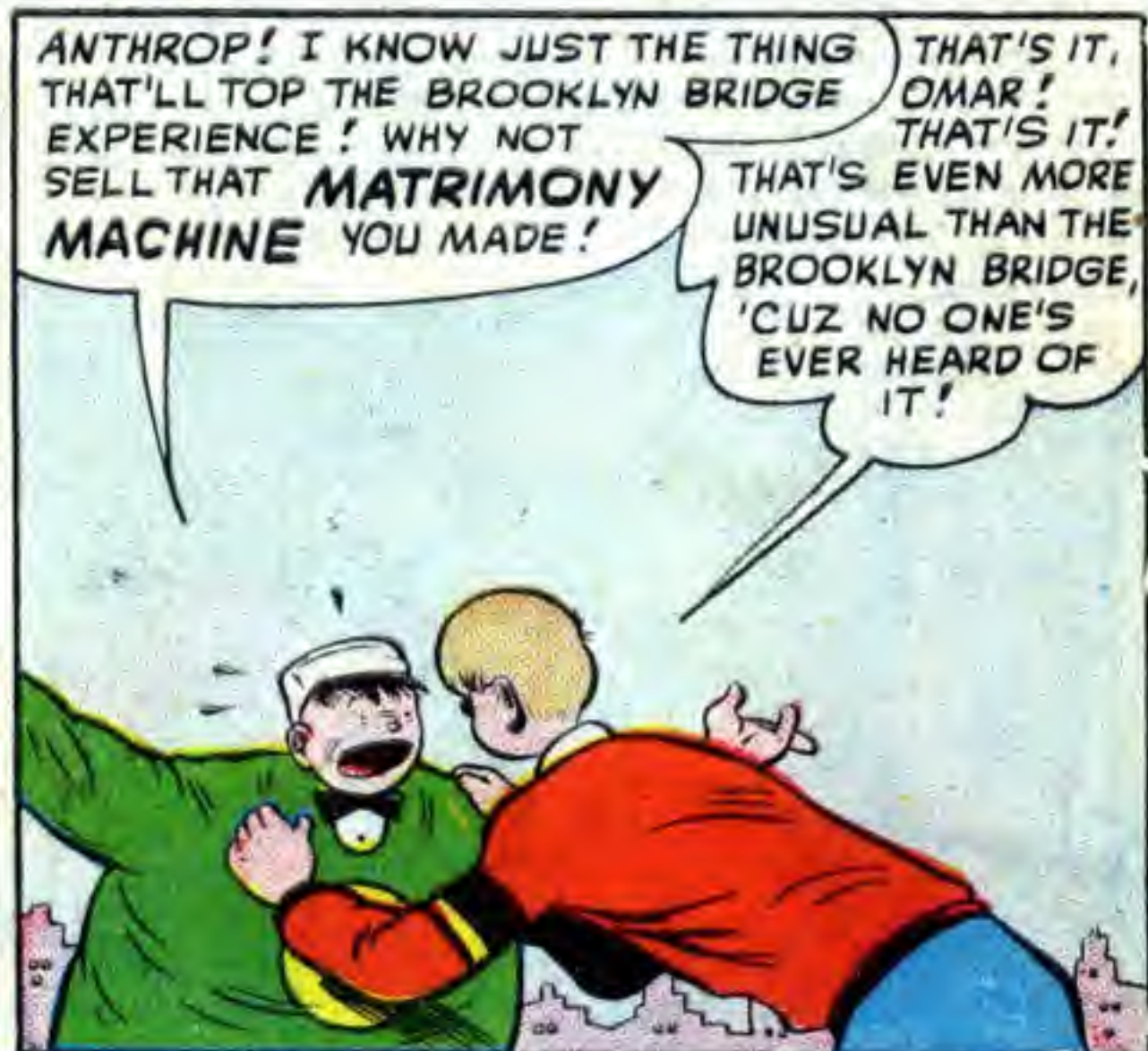


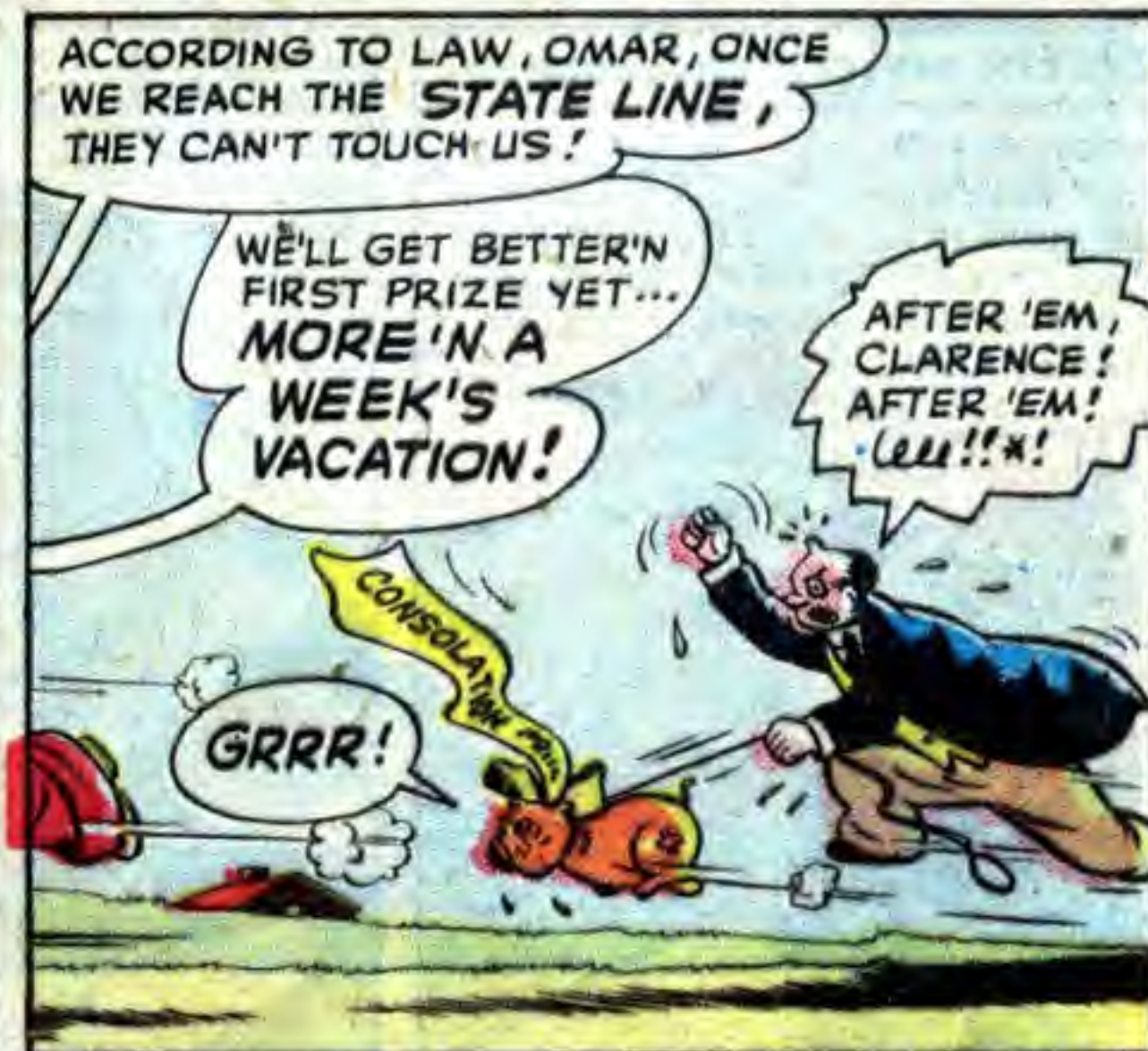
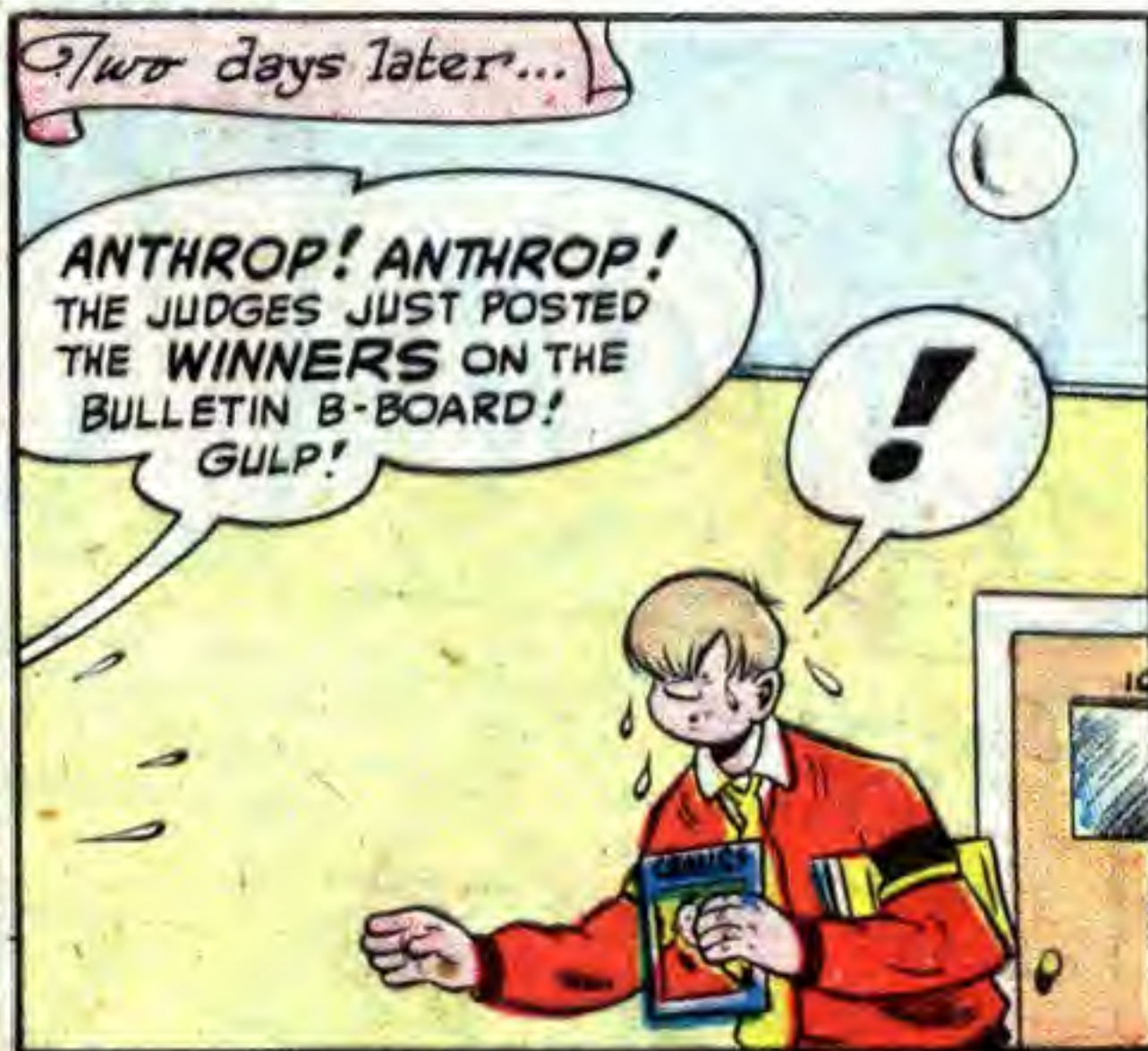
THE CONTEST DOESN'T CLOSE UNTIL TOMORROW! THAT GIVES YOU PLENTY OF TIME TO GET SOME EXPERIENCE! ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS DIG UP THE MOSTEST UNUSUAL THING AND SELL IT! THEN WRITE IT UP!











Steve Wood

Sombody put Steve Wood's name and address on a chest full of trouble and shipped it aboard the square-rigger FARAWAY! Steve has a close call when he pries the lid off this maritime mystery!



On the waterfront docks...

LOOK, STEVE!
THE FARAWAY'S
COMING INTO PORT!
SHE SAILED TO THE
ORIENT TWO
YEARS AGO!

TWO YEARS,
ONE MONTH
AND FOUR
DAYS AGO,
SALLY!

HOW DO YOU
REMEMBER
THE EXACT
SAILING
DATE,
STEVE?

BECAUSE THAT
WAS THE NIGHT
PARTIES
UNKNOWN
STABBED HUNK
WARWELL AND
PITCHED HIM INTO
THE HARBOR...
WARWELL, THE
NOTORIOUS
GAMBLER!

GOING ASHORE
SO SOON, SAILOR?
BETTER WAIT FOR
YOUR PAY!

CAN'T WAIT,
SKIPPER! I'LL
MAKE OUT BY
COLLECTING
WHAT GUYS
OWE ME IN
THIS TOWN!



At the near-by police station...

I DON'T HAVE TO SAY **WHY** I WANT TO BAIL OUT FUZZ FORRY... RIGHT, INSPECTOR FLANAGAN?

THE SAILOR'S RIGHT, SERGEANT! LET FORRY LOOSE!



STOP BABBLING YOUR THANKS, FORRY, AND COME DOWN THIS ALLEY!

Y'KNOW, YOU REMIND ME OF A GUY I KNEW ONCE! BUT EVEN IF HE WAS STILL ALIVE, HE WOULDN'T BE PUTTING UP A NICKEL TO GET **ME** OUT OF THE SNEEZER!



MIGHT YOU BE SPEAKING OF HUNK WARWELL? NOW, IF I HAD A SHAVE AND CLASSY CLOTHES, MIGHT I RESEMBLE HIM A TRIFLE?

HUNK... NO! BUT YOU'RE DEAD! I KILLED YOU MYSELF... ME AND JOSS LICKEY AND...



HOW THE GUY TALKS! I'M NOT DEAD, BUT HE IS! AND HIS MENTIONING JOSS LICKEY REMINDS ME...



Meanwhile...

SHIP FARAWAY COME INTO HARBOR, MISTA LICKEY, YES?

WHO CARES? NOTHIN' ABOARD HER FOR ME! YOU CAN TAKE THE NIGHT OFF! I'M EXPECTIN' COMPANY... **SPECIAL COMPANY!**



THE DOOR BELL! THAT MUST BE MY LITTLE SWEETIE-PIE LIBRA RIGHT NOW!

RRING!



YOU...YOU LOOK LIKE **HUNK WARWELL**, WITH A PHONY BEARD!

THE BEARD'S THE MCCOY, LICKEY! AND SO IS THIS SHIV I'M GOING TO SMACK INTO YOUR HEART!





IF THE KNIFE DIDN'T FINISH YOU, THE FALL WILL!



AND NOW I HAD BETTER SLIP OUT OF SIGHT... OR PARTLY OUT OF SIGHT, ANYWAY!



DEAD AND GONE. FLANAGAN! KNIFE IN THE HEART! AS USUAL, I'M ON THE SCENE OF THE CRIME BEFORE YOU ARE!



NOT ALWAYS, MISTER WOOD! WE FOUND THE BODY OF FUZZ FORRY IN THE ALLEY NEXT TO THE POLICE STATION... ALSO STABBED IN THE HEART!

AND THIS GUY IS JOSS LICKEY... OR WAS! FUZZ FORRY USED TO STEER SUCKERS INTO THE CROOKED GAMBLING DEN RUN BY LICKEY AND HUNK WARWELL, FLANAGAN! COINCIDENCE, HUH?



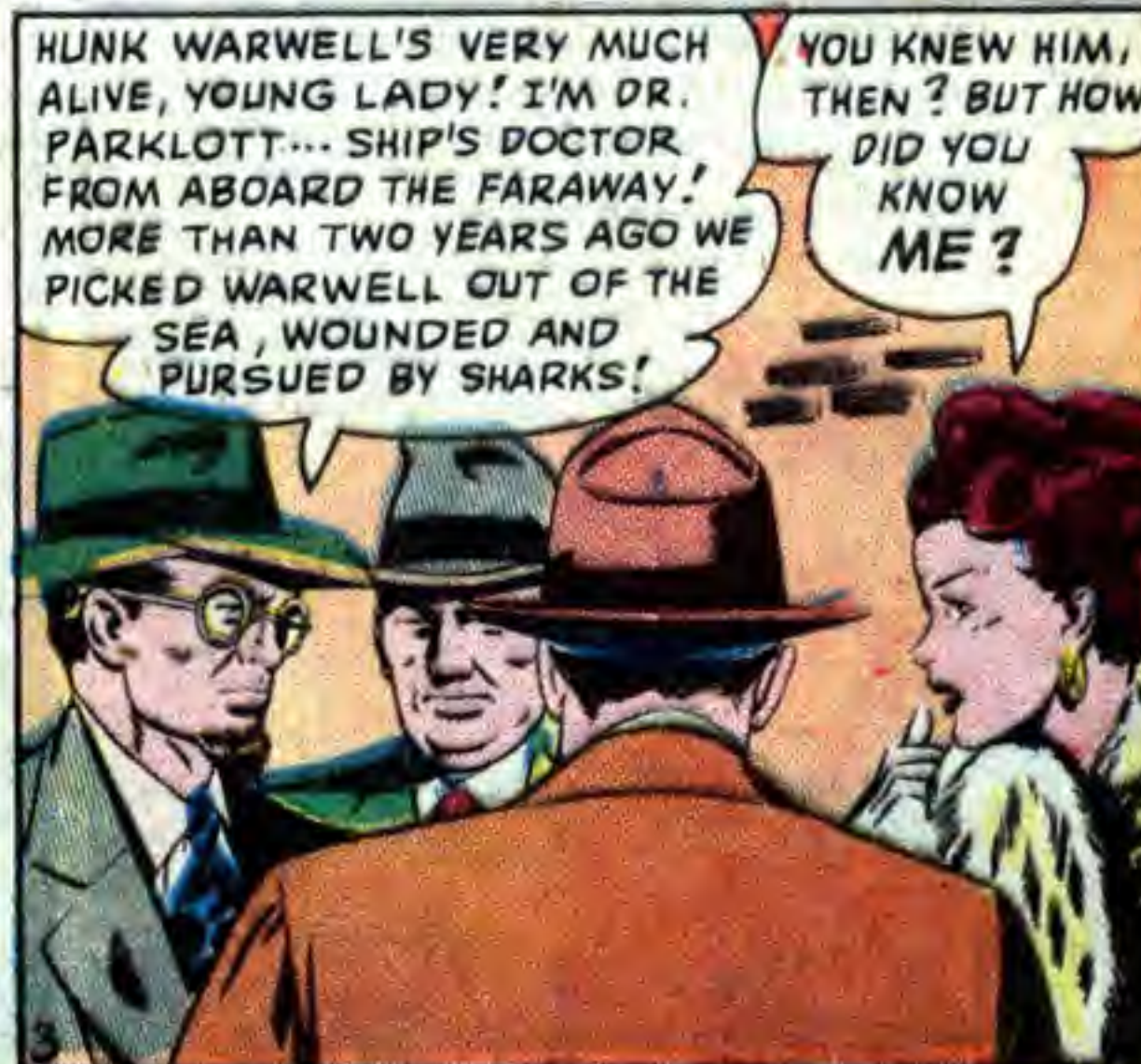
A BEARDED GUY BAILED FORRY OUT... SPEAKING OF COINCIDENCES, HERE COMES A BEARDED GUY NOW!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL! HERE COMES LIBRA... WHO WAS ONCE HUNK WARWELL'S HEART-THROB, AND MORE RECENTLY, JOSS LICKEY'S, TOO!



PLEASE, OFFICER... I CAME TO WARN MISS LIBRA, THERE, ABOUT HUNK WARWELL!

JOSS... DEAD! AND WHAT'S THIS TALK ABOUT HUNK?



HUNK WARWELL'S VERY MUCH ALIVE, YOUNG LADY! I'M DR. PARKLOTT... SHIP'S DOCTOR, FROM ABOARD THE FARAWAY! MORE THAN TWO YEARS AGO WE PICKED WARWELL OUT OF THE SEA, WOUNDED AND PURSUED BY SHARKS!

YOU KNEW HIM, THEN? BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW ME?

HE SHOWED ME YOUR PICTURE AND THOSE OF TWO MEN! SAID THE THREE OF YOU HAD TRIED TO KILL HIM SO THAT JOSS LICKY COULD HAVE YOU! SWORE HE'D RETURN AND GET REVENGE!

NICE LITTLE TRIANGLE ROMANCE, HUH, STEVE? WE'D BETTER TAKE MISS LIBRA TO THE STATION FOR SAFE-KEEPING AND...

FUNNY, THAT DOCTOR REMINDS ME...

NO, FLANAGAN! IF YOU AND I WASTE TIME, HUNK WARWELL MAY GET AWAY! LET SALLY AND DOCTOR PARKLOTT ESCORT MISS LIBRA TO THE STATION!

I AGREE, STEVE! GO ON, YOU THREE! WE BETTER GET ON THIS CASE BEFORE IT GROWS... WHISKERS!

HMM... WONDER IF THAT DOC...

PSST, SALLY! DON'T TAKE THEM TO THE STATION... TO YOUR APARTMENT! GET IT?

I GET YOUR ORDER, BUT NOT YOUR IDEA!

H-RE WE GO, STEVE! AS POLICE INSPECTOR, I'LL BE IN CHARGE! YOU CAN...

THAT SLIPPERY PRIVATE DICK HAS VANISHED! AND DOCTOR PARKLOTT LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE... I'D BETTER GO BACK TO THE STATION AND CHECK OUR FILES!

Meanwhile, at Sally's apartment...

LOCK THE DOOR, MISS SALLY! I'LL LATCH THE WINDOWS AND DRAW THE BLINDS!

THAT WILL KEEP OUT ANY KILLERS, DR. PARKLOTT! NOW LET'S GO IN THE KITCHEN AND SHAKE UP SOME COFFEE!

WHY DO YOU STARE AT ME, MISS LIBRA?

HERE, IN A STRONG LIGHT, DOCTOR... YOU REMIND ME OF... OF...





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BECAUSE YOU

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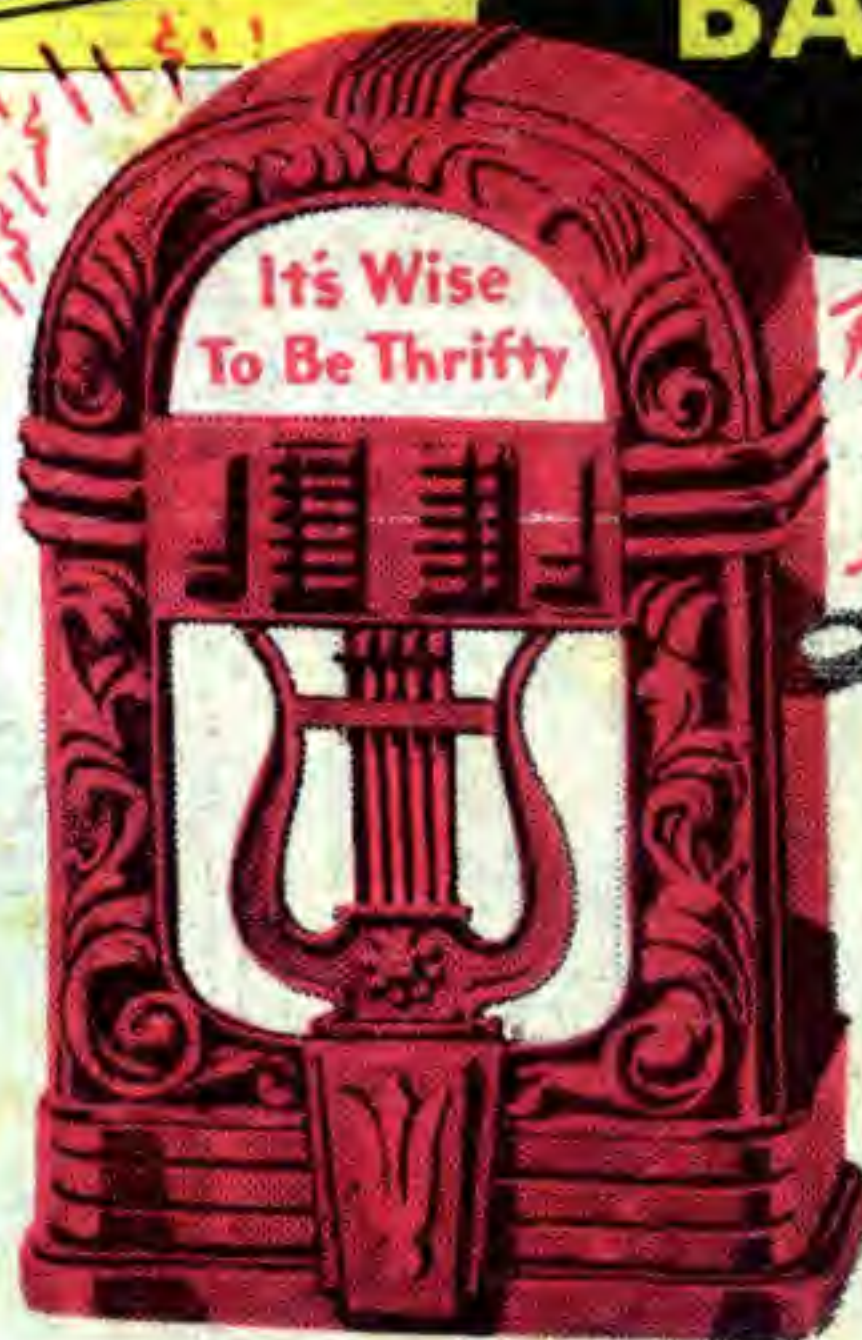
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It's Wise to be Thrifty

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NEW! Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1949, ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC CO. 85 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.



GET SET for Breath-taking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win — in outdoor, on-play your own. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination — go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$2. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price, \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.

Hi BOYS!
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one handiwork of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderosa pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clear and shiny.
The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass jacket shells, like insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.
Games are 14 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You can start playing the moment you open the box.

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WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE SECRET
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AT THE ARMY AIR FIELD, U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB USE THEIR SPECIAL PASSES TO SEE THE NEW SECRET SUPERSONIC PLANE. SUDDENLY...



LOOK! FIRE IN THE HANGAR!



THOSE TWO FELLOWS RUNNING TOWARD THE PLANE--I DON'T LIKE THEIR LOOKS!

MAYBE THEY STARTED THE FIRE TO GET THE GUARD AWAY FROM THE PLANE!



LOOK, ROYAL, THEY'RE MAKING OFF WITH THE PLANE!

THEY WON'T GET FAR IF I CAN HELP IT... MEANWHILE, YOU FELLAS NOTIFY THE F.B.I.



WITH THAT PLANE'S HEAD START AND 100 MILE TAXI-SPEED, THIS IS A BIG ORDER--EVEN FOR MY JET BIKE!



JUST AS THE POWERFUL PLANE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE GROUND, U.S. JAMS THE PLANE'S ELEVATORS, PREVENTS THE TAKE-OFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF THESE FELLOWS HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH THE ARMY'S SECRET PLANE... THE F.B.I. CAN THANK YOU BOYS FOR SEEING THAT THEY DIDN'T.

AND WE CAN THANK OUR U.S. ROYALS FOR REAL BIKE SPEED WITH SAFETY!



FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL. INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, FOR REAL CONTROL AT TOP SPEED.



"FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY, IT'S THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN FOR ME"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

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